

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

F. L. GARTIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office, 6 ANN-ST.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

VOL. 2. No. 3.

## THE HEART AND ROSE.

Rose, with all thine odour fled,  
Brightness lost, and beauty parted,  
Drooping low thy tearful head,  
Like one forlorn and broken-hearted:  
Though the world refuse to see  
What, alas, there's no concealing,  
Still there's one can mourn for thee—  
All are not alike unfeeling.  
Many a heart as full of tears  
Bending lonely, none to guide it,  
Soon as one kind hand appears,  
Brighter hopes spring warm beside it.  
'Tis not much the Rose requires,  
With a word the Heart is healing:  
Oh, the joy such act inspires!  
What is life devoid of feeling?

CHARLES SWAIN.

For the Anglo American.

## "CALMLY AS TO A NIGHT'S REPOSE."

"Calmy as to a night's repose,"  
When stars their nun-like watches keep—  
And scarce a falling leaf or flower  
Disturbs the hush of nature's sleep;  
Lo, on thy lip, and on thy brow,  
No deep emotion I can trace;  
And not a shade is troubling  
The changeless quiet of thy face.  
Lift up thy head! Lift up thy eyes!  
I fain would see their light again;—  
Thou bid'st me think—to think of what,  
To think of thee? I'll do it then!  
How soft and low thy voice's tone:  
No memory gleams thy features o'er;  
Fair girl, and hast thou no regret  
To think—that we may meet—no more?  
Thy lip is trembling! and, behold—  
Thy crowding tears desire to flow;  
Why have I touched, with ruthless hand,  
Thy spirit's lone and silent wo?  
Forgive me! Passion leave thy heart,  
And stains with red thy pallid cheek;  
Oh! well it has been said, there is  
No grief like that, which does not speak.  
"Calmy as to a night's repose,"  
I would that I might leave thee now,  
But oh! what tempest-shocks convulse  
The beauty of thy youthful brow.  
"Calmy as to a night's repose,"  
I know that thou no more shalt be—  
Unless thy guardian angel come,  
And wash thee in Oblivion's sea!

C. S.

October 4, 1843.

## THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE FALL OF MURRAY.

PART I.

\* \* \*  
Fare thee well, Lord;  
I would not be the villain that thou thinkest,  
For the whole space that in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich east to boot. *Macbeth. Act 4. Scene 3.*

The sun was setting after a lovely day in August, and his rays still gilding the broad mirror of the Seine, and the rich scenery of Paris,—palaces, towers, and domes, with crowded streets, and shadowy groves between,—reposing in the mellow light, while the heat, which had been so oppressive in the earlier hours, was now tempered by a soft breeze from the west. Tranquil, however, as that picture showed when viewed from a distance, there was little of tranquillity in aught beyond the view; the bells from a hundred steeples were ringing out their liveliest tones of joy, banners and pennons of many colours flaunted from every pinnacle, while ever and anon the heavy roar of cannon was mingled with the acclamations of the countless multitude. Every window was thronged with joyous faces, every place and thoroughfare swarmed with the collected population of that mighty city, all, as it seemed, partaking of one common happiness, and glowing with mutual benevolence. Here swept along a procession of capuchins in their snowy robes, with pix and chalice, banner and crucifix, censers steaming with perfumes, and manly voices swelling in religious symphony, here some proud count of Romish faith, descended from his *destrier*, and bent his lofty crest to the very dust in adoration of the elevated host, and here some no less noble Huguenot passed on in a calm indifference, without exciting either wonder, as it would appear, or anger by his inattention to the holiest ceremonial of the church. Minstrels and *jongleurs* with rote and viol, pro-

fessors of the *gai science* in every different tongue, and with almost every instrument, were mingled with *paysannes* in their varied garbs and wooden *sabots*, and *condottieri* sheathed in steel. Fair dames and gallant knights of high descent jostled, forgetful of their proud distinctions, with the despised plebeians whose hearts yet beat as lightly beneath their humble garments, as if they throbbed under robes of ermine, and embroideries of gold. At this delicious hour, and contemplating this moving picture, two persons stood, shrouded from public view by the rich draperies of the window, in a projecting oriel of the Royal Residence—a youth, whose unmuscular limbs and beardless cheek, proclaimed his tender years, although the deep lines graven on his brow by intense thought, or trenched by the fiery ploughshare of unmastered passions, belonged to a maturer age. His cloak and jerkin of Genoa velvet slashed and faced with satin, and fringed with the most costly lace of Flanders, were of the deepest sable, from which flashed forth in strong relief his knightly belt and collar of invaluable diamonds.—In person, air, and garb, he was one, from whom the stranger's eye would turn in aversion, and return again to gaze, as if by some wild fascination, upon that sallow countenance and hollow eye, marked as they were by feelings most high and most unholy. Beside him stood a female of superb stature, and a form still as symmetrical as though her eighteenth summer had not yet passed away. There was a fierce and lionlike beauty in her masculine features, but that beauty was defaced and rendered horrible by the dreadful expression, which glared from her eyes, as though some demon were looking forth from the abode he had usurped within a mortal frame, of more than mortal majesty. Her garb was like her sons, for such was he on whom she leaned, of the deepest mourning, but gathered round her waist by a broad cincture of brilliants, from which a massive rosary of gold and gems hung nearly to the knee; her long tresses, which though sprinkled now with many a silvery hair, might once have shamed the raven, were braided closely round her forehead and partially confined beneath a circlet of the same precious jewels. They were, in truth, a pair pre-eminently stamped by nature's hand, and marked out, as it were from the remainder of their species, for the performance of some strange destiny of good or evil. Had Catherine de Medicis and her royal son been enveloped in the meanest weeds, stripped of all ensigns of their dignity, and encountered in regions most distant from their empire, they must have instantly been recognized as persons born to exalted eminence above their fellow-mortals, and singularly qualified by talents, no less powerful than perverted, for the art of government. A single gentleman in royal liveries attended in an antechamber on his sovereign's call, while in a gallery beyond the nodding plumes and gorgeous armor of the Italian mercenaries who at that period were in truth the flower of all continental armies, shewed that the privacy of monarchs, if splendid, was but insecure, inasmuch as their power was enthroned upon the fears rather than upon the affections of their subjects. For many moments they gazed in silence on the passing throng, but it was evident from the working of both their countenances, that their survey had for its object anything, rather than the mere gratification of curiosity. At length,—as a noble-looking warrior, his venerable locks already blanched to snowy whiteness, before his nervous limbs had given a solitary token of decay, rode slowly past, attended by a brilliant train, in confident security,—a scornful smile curled the dark features of the boy with even more than wonted malignity. "The simple fool!"—he whispered to his evil counsellor—"He rides as calmly through the courts of our palace, as though he marshalled his accursed heretics within his guarded leaguer!"

"Patience! my Son,"—returned that fiendlike parent,— "Patience, yet for a while. A few days more and the admiral shall cumber the earth no longer!—The sword is already whetted for his carcase, and would to heaven that all our foes were tottering on the edge of the same gulf, which is prepared for thee, Gaspar de Coligni."

"I would it were over!"—answered Charles—"there is more of subtlety and warlike skill in that grey head, than in an hundred Condes. The day approaches—the day that must dawn upon the brightest triumph of the church! and yet so long as that man lives, nothing is certain!—One doubt in that shrewd mind, and all is lost!—He must be dealt upon right shortly,—I would it might be done to-morrow!"

He raised his eyes half doubtingly to the countenance of his mother, and almost started at the illumination of triumphant vengeance, which kindled in her withering smile—"To-morrow!—He shall perish!"—she hissed in the suppressed tones of deadly hatred and unalterable resolution—"What ho!—who waits there!"—she continued, as her quick eye caught a glimpse of a passing figure in the crowd, "To-morrow he shall perish, and there stands the man, who must perform the deed! *Tete dieu*, most I call twice! without there!"—and in the furious anxiety of the moment, she stamped her heel upon the tessellated floor till the very casements shook. Startled by her vehemence, the page drew near on bended knee, and was faltering forth apologies, when with a voice of



thunder she cut him short—"Nearer!—thou dolt—nearer I say—wilt pause till 'tis too late—Look forth here! see'st thou yon tall swordsman!—Him with the velvet bonnet and St. Andrew's cross!—Thou dost!—After him with the speed of light!—say to him what thou wilt, so thou sayst not I sent thee, but bring him to his majesty's apartment, so soon as night shall have well fallen!—Hence, begone!—Cover thy liveries with a simple *roquelaire*, and away!—Why dost thou pause?—Begone—nay hold! if he should doubt, or fear, say to him as a token—'The sword is the most certain spur!'"

The man, whose form had thus attracted the notice of Catherine, might well have drawn attention by his magnificent proportions alone, even had his habit been less at variance, than it was, with the established fashion of the country. A plain bonnet of dark velvet, with the silver cross of Scotland, and a single eagle's feather, drawn forward almost to his eyebrows, a corslet of steel, burnished till it shone as brightly as silver, worn above a dress of chamois leather exquisitely dressed, and fitting with unusual closeness to his limbs, offered a singular contrast, from its plainness and total want of ornament, to the gorgeous garments of the French cavaliers fluttering with fringes, and slashed with a dozen different colours, besides the laces and embroidery of gold and silver, which were, at that period, the prevailing order of the day. Still more widely did the old-fashioned broadsword of the stranger, with its blade four feet in length, and its two-handed gripe, differ from the diamond hilted rapiers of the Parisian gallants;—and most of all did the stern and melancholy air of the noble Scot, for such did his bearing and his dress proclaim him, distinguish him from the joyous, and, at times, frivolous mirth of the gay youths, who crossed his path at every step. Nor did his appearance fail to attract comments, not of the most flattering descriptions from the French chivalry, who, renowned as they most justly were, for skill in the tilt-yard, and valor in the field, had, even at that distant era, acquired the character of coxcombry and over attention to externals, which is by some supposed to have descended to the present generation. It is probable that it was owing in no slight degree, to the muscular form and determined port of the soldier, that these comments did not assume a more offensive shape; yet, even thus, they had nearly kindled the ire of the formidable individual to whom they bore reference. "*Mon Dieu, qu'il est baroque cela la!*" lisped a fair girl to the splendidly dressed cavalier, on whom she leaned—"Il vient apparemment des Montagnes Ecossees," returned the gallant after a contemptuous glance, "*avec son apee, a la Morte d'Authur, et son air à faire trembler les souris.*" The blood rushed furiously into the weather-beaten cheeks of the proud foreigner, and for a second he doubted, whether he should hurl defiance into the teeth of the audacious jester, but with the reflection of a moment, his better sense prevailed. Twirling his mustachios with a grim and scornful smile, he passed upon his way, shouldering the press before him, as he muttered—"The painted Popinjays, they neither know the weapons of men, nor the courtesy of cavaliers." It was at this moment, that the emissary of the Queen, who had easily tracked a figure so remarkable as his of whom he was in quest, overtook, and brushed him somewhat roughly on the elbow as he passed. "Follow!"—he said—"Follow me if you have the heart of a man." When first he had felt the touch, yet boiling with indignation at the treatment he had experienced, he had half unsheathed his poniard, but having received, as he imagined, in the words which followed, an invitation to a proper spot for appealing to the sword, he strode onwards, in the wake of his challenger, silent and determined. A few steps brought them to a narrow alley, into which this guide plunged, turning his head to mark whether he was followed as he wished, and, after threading one or two intricate and unfrequented streets they turned into the Royal Gardens, which, now so famous, even then were decorated with no common skill. "This spot, at length, will suit us,"—said the Frenchman—"Monsieur is undoubtedly a man of honour!" "You should have learned my quality!"—replied the haughty Scot,—"before you dared to offer me an insult. Draw, sir, we are here to fight, and not to parley!"

"Du tout—Beau Sire"—returned the other, not a little annoyed, as it would seem, at the unexpected turn which the affair had taken,—"I am the bearer of a message to you—a message from a lady!—not a cartel!"

"Now out upon thee, for a pitiful pander!"—said the Scot, with increased ire—"dost thou take me for a boy to be cheated with such toys as these? Out with your weapon, before I compel you to it, by the hard word, and the harder blow."

"May all the saints forefend!"—replied the frightened courtier—"your valor, my fair sir, has flown away with your discretion. I come to you a peaceful bearer of a friendly invitation, and you will speak of nought but swords. A lady of the *haute noblesse* would speak with you on matters of high import,—would charge you with the execution of a perilous and honourable trust;—if you will undertake it, meet me here at ten o'clock to-night, and I will lead you to the *rendezvous*, if not, I will return to those who sent me, and report the Scottish cavalier as wanting in that high valor of which men speak, when they repeat his name!"

"It is a wild request,"—answered the other, after a short pause—"How know I, but that you train me to some decoy—I have foes enough, to make it like, I trow—What if I bring a partner?"

"It is impossible,—alone you must undertake the feat, or undertake it not at all.—But hold, I had a token for your ear—"The sword is the most certain spur"—know you the phrase?"

"As arguing myself known, but whether by a friend, or by a foe, your phrase says nothing. Nay, be it as it may, I have stood some risks before, and I will bide the blast even now!—At ten o'clock I will be at the tryst. Till then!"

"Adieu!"—returned the other, and vanished among the shrubbery, before the Scot could have prevented him, if he had been so minded. But such was not his intention, his mind had been gratified by the singularity, no less than surprised by the boldness, of the request. Naturally brave almost to rashness,

banished from his native land for political causes, without the means of providing for his wants, much less of supporting the appearances demanded by his rank, he eagerly looked forward to any opportunity of raising himself to distinction, perhaps even to affluence, in his adopted country; and, with his thoughts in such a channel as this, it was not probable that a trivial or imaginary danger should deter him from an enterprise, by which much might be gained, while, on the contrary, nothing could be lost, but that which he had long ceased to value at an extravagant price, an unhappy life. The last stroke of the appointed hour was still ringing in the air, when the tall soldier stood alone at the trysting place: his dress was in nowise altered, save by the addition of a large cloak of dark materials, worn evidently for concealment, rather than for warmth; but, careless as he was, he yet had taken the precaution of furnishing his belt with a pair of smaller pistols, then recently introduced. Not long did he remain alone for scarcely had he reached the spot where his mysterious guide had left him, ere he again joined him from the self-same shrubbery, wherein he had then disappeared. Without a moment's delay, the messenger led him forward, with a whispered caution to say nothing, whosoever he might see; after a few minutes walking, he reached a portal in a high and richly ornamented wall, and knocked lightly on the door, which was instantly unlatched by a sentinel, whom at first sight, the Scotsman knew for one of the chosen guards, who waited round the person of the sovereign. Sheathed in armor richly inlaid with gold, his harquebus, with its match kindled, on his arm, it would have been impossible to pass the guard without a struggle, which must have alarmed a body of his comrades, who lay wrapped in their long mantles on the pavement, or played at games of chance by the pale glimmer of a single lamp; a ring, as it appeared to the silent but watchful Scot, was exhibited, and the mercenary threw his weapon forward in a low salute, and motioned them in silence to proceed. In the deepest gloom they passed through court and corridor; uninterrupted by the numerous sentinels whom they encountered, ascended winding staircases—and, without meeting a single usher or attendant in apartments of almost oriental splendor, paused at a tapestried door, which opened from the wall of a long gallery so secretly that it must have escaped the eye of the most keener observer. Here again the courtier touched, rather than struck, the pannel thrice at measured intervals, and a female voice, of singular and imperious depth, commanded them to enter. The brilliant glare of light, which filled the small apartment, had well nigh dazzled the bewildered stranger, yet there was enough in the commanding mien of Catherine and the youthful King who sat beside her, although no royal pomp was there, to tell him that he was in the presence of the mightiest, the most dreaded sovereigns of Europe; dropping his mantle and his bonnet to the floor, he bent his knee, and, instantly recovering his erect carriage, stood reverent but unabashed. Tempering her stern features with a smile of wonderful sweetness, and assuming an air of easy condescension, which not her niece—the lovely Mary of Scotland,—could have worn with more becoming grace, the queen addressed him.

"We have summoned to our presence, if we err not, one of the truest and most faithful servants of our well-beloved niece of Scotland. Although the Queen of France has not yet recognised the person, believe not, sir, that Catharine de Medicis is unacquainted with the merits of the Sieur Hamilton."

Another inclination, and the colour, which mounted to his very brow at this most flattering, though private testimony, testified his respect and gratitude; yet as the speech of Catharine needed no reply, though inwardly marvelling to what all this might tend, the knight of Bothwellhaugh,—for he it was who stood in that high presence,—saw no cause for breaking silence.

"Speak, Sir,"—pursued the queen,—"*have we been misinformed or do we see before us the most unswerving, and the latest, follower of the injured Mary?*"

"So please your Grace"—was Hamilton's reply—"so long as sword was drawn, or charger spurred, in my unhappy mistress' cause, so long was I in the field!—but how I can lay claim to praise as being the last or truest of her followers I know not. Hundreds fell at the red field of Langside, as brave, and better warriors than I; scores have sealed their faith in blood upon the scaffold; and thousands of true hearts yet beat in Scotland; more faithful never thrilled to the trumpet's sound—thousands that followed her, and fought for her; that watched, and fasted, and bled for her."

"But that failed to avenge her!"—interrupted Catharine, and for years afterwards did those words ring in the soldier's ears with unforgotten fearfulness, for never had he deemed such fiendish sounds of exultation could proceed from human lips, much less from woman's. "Art not thou the slayer of the base-born slave, that was the master-spirit of her enemies!—Art not thou he, whose name shall go down to posterity with those of David, and of Jael, and of Judith and of all those who have smitten the persecutors of the church of God!—Art thou not he—whom princes shall delight to honour, whom the Holy Father of our faith himself has pronounced blessed!—Art not thou the avenger of Mary—the killer of the heretic Murray?"

Soh! sits the wind there—thought the astonished Hamilton, as he coolly replied,—"*He was the enemy of my royal, my most unhappy, mistress, and for that I warred with him a l'outrance!*"—The persecutor of the faithful, and for that I cursed him!—The murderer of my wife, and for that, for that alone, I slew him."

"Well didst thou do, and faithfully!" cried the queen—"adherents such as thee it is the pleasure, no less than the pride, of the House of Guise, to honour and reward."

"Sieur of Hamilton,"—continued Charles, apt pupil of his demoniacal guardian—"Earthly honours are but vain rewards to men like thee!—Yet wear this sword as a token of gratitude due from the king of France to the avenger of his cousin; if thou art inclined to wield it in the cause of him who offers it, I hold a blank commission to a high office in our army—the command of our guards! Shall I insert the name of Hamilton?"



"Honours like these, your majesty"—he was commencing, when he was again cut short by the queen.

"Are insufficient, we are well aware, when weighed against thy merits—Accept them, notwithstanding, as an earnest of greater gifts to come. Serve but the heads of the House of Guise, as thou hast served its scions, and the truncheon of the *marechal* hereafter may be thine. No thanks, Sir!—actions are the only thanks that we require!—and now farewell!—we speak further—with our officer tomorrow!"

Accustomed, long before, to the etiquette of courts, Hamilton received the gift upon his knee, kissed the bright blade, and with a profound inclination retreated without turning, to the door—bowed a second time even lower than before, and left the presence!—Scarcely, however, had he made three steps, ere he was recalled by the voice of Catharine herself. Ha! now shall I know the price, which I must pay for this rich gewgaw—methought such gilded baits must point to future service, rather than to past good offices,—the half-formed words died on his lips as the vivid thought flashed through his brain, yet not a sound was heard; he stood in calm attention listening to the words of the tempter.

"We have bethought us, Sir,"—said Catharine, in a low stern whisper, "we have bethought us of a service, of most high importance, wherewith it is our will that thou should'st commence thy duties, and that too with the dawn!—It has something of danger—but we know to whom we speak!—much of honour, and therefore we rejoice in offering it to thee!—If successful, tomorrow's eve shall see our champion *Marechal de France*. Dost thou accept the trust?"

"Danger, so please your highness"—replied the wary soldier—"Danger is the very soul of honour, and for honour alone I live. What are the commands of your majesty?"

Confident that her offer was understood and accepted, the same hateful gleam of triumph flashed across her withered features as before, and the same note of exultation marked her words. "Thou knowest, doubtless, Gaspar de Coligni—the admiral—the heretic—the sword and buckler of the accursed Huguenots!"

"As a brave soldier, and a consummate leader, I do know the man. Pity but he were faithful, as he is trusty and experienced!—What is your grace's will concerning this De Coligni?"

"Qu'il meurt!"

"Give me the means to bring the matter to an issue, and I will do my *devoir*. But how may I find cause of quarrel with one so high as Coligni? Bring me to the admiral, and let him take every advantage of place and arms, I pledge your majesty my word, tomorrow night shall not find him among the living."

"And think'st thou"—she replied with a bitter laugh—"think'st thou we reck so little of a faithful servant's safety, as expose him, to a desperate conflict with a warrior such as him, concerning whom we speak. As Murray fell, so fall De Coligni!"

"Not by the hand of Hamilton,"—was the calm but resolute answer. "My life your majesty may command even as your own—I reck not of it!—but mine honour is in mine own keeping. Mine own private quarrel have I avenged as best I might—but neither am I a mercenary stabber to slay men in the dark who have done me no wrong—nor is a Scottish gentleman wont to take gold for blood shedding. I fear me I have misapprehended the terms on which I am to serve your grace—most gladly, and most gratefully, did I receive these tokens of your majesty's approbation, as honours conferred for honourable service in the field. If, however, they were given either as a price for the blood of Murray, or as wages to be redeemed by future murder, humbly, but at the same time firmly, do I decline your bounty!"

"Why, thou most scrupulous of cut throats!"—exclaimed the youthful king, whose iron heart was utterly unmovable by any touch of merciful or honourable feeling—"Dost thou, *thou* who didst mark thy man long months before the deed, didst dog him to destruction as your own northern hound hangs on the master stag, didst butcher him at an unmanly vantage, dost thou pretend to round high periods about honour?—Honour in a common stabber!—ha, ha, ha!"—and he laughed derisively at his own false and disgraceful speech.

"It is because I am no common stabber!"—returned the noble Scot—"that I refuse your wages, as I loath the office, and despise the character, which you would fix upon a gentleman of ancient family, and unblemished reputation!—My lord—I slew yon base-born tyrant, even as I would slay your highness, should you give me cause.—Had he been mine inferior, a short shrift, and a shorter cord, had paid the debt I owed him!—mine equal, the good sword, that never failed its master, had avenged her to whom alone that master's vow was plighted!—He was, so word it if you will, my superior!—Superior not in arms, or strength, or virtue,—not in the greatness of nature's giving,—but in craft, and policy, and all the pompous baubles that make fools tremble; one path was open to my vengeance—and one only!—I took it—I would have taken the arch-fiend himself to be my counsellor, so he had promised vengeance!—show me the man that dares to injure Hamilton, and Hamilton will slay him. Honourably if it may be, and openly—but, in all cases, slay him. For this matter sire; I have no license from my country to commit murders here in France; mine own just quarrel I have avenged as best I might, but not for price, or prayer, will I avenge the quarrels of another,—be that other prince of peasants!—Farewell, your highness, and when you next would buy men's blood, deal not with Scottish nobles,—your grace has Spaniards and Italians enough round your person, who will do your bidding, without imposing tasks on Scottish men, which it befits not them to execute, nor you to order!—Has your grace any services to ask of Hamilton, which he may perform with an unsullied hand, your word shall be his law!—Till then—Farewell!"

He laid the jewelled sword, and the broad parchment, on the board, and with another inclination of respect, slowly and steadily retreated!

"Bethink thee, sir,"—cried the fierce Queen, goaded almost to madness by the disappointment, and by the taunts of the indignant warrior, not the less galling that they were veiled beneath the thin garb of respect—"bethink thee! it is perilous, even to a proverb, to be the repository of royal secrets! how know we but thou mayest sell thine information to de Coligni?"

"In that I would not sell *his* blood to thee!" was the stern answer—"If peril be incurred—'t will not be the first time peril and I have been acquainted—nor yet—I deem the last!" Without another syllable he strode from the presence chamber, with a louder step, and firmer port, than oft was heard or seen in those accursed halls. The usher, who had introduced him, deeming his sovereign's will completed, led him forth as he had entered, in silence, and ere the guilty pair had roused themselves from their astonishment, Hamilton was beyond the precincts of the Palace. An hour had scarcely passed before the messenger was again summoned to wait the monarch's bidding.—"De Crespigny," he said, "take three of the best blades of our Italian guard, dog that audacious Scot and be he at the board, or in the bed; at the hearth, or in the sanctuary,"—he paused, tapped the hilt of his poniard with a smile of gloomy meaning, and waved his hand towards the door,—“let his head be at my feet before tomorrow's dawn, or look well to thine own!—Away!—H."

## THE DEATH BRIDAL. A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY A. C. CASTLE, M. D.

CHAP. I.

I am not old in years, but I have seen  
How disappointment crowns the fairest chace  
Of earthly joys.  
I have seen hope blasted, fairest, brightest, sweetest,  
The best of all below, is ever fleetest.  
And life and all it has will soon be brought  
To an eternal close. \* \* \* \* \*

RETROSPECTION.

It was during the period of that ever memorable series of campaigns, in which were comprised not a few of the hardest fought battles recorded on the page of history, and which were signalized by the sieges of fortified towns, their obstinate and long protracted defences, stimulated as their brave defenders were, by the fervour of the most exalted patriotism and devoted attachment to the land of their birth, and the sepulchres of their fathers, that the thrilling incidents occurred which we are about to relate.—The storming and sacking of cities, the burning of towns and villages, pillage, savage murders, accompanied with the most atrocious tortures, and many unheard of cruel and wanton barbarities formed the prominent and most horrible features of the bloody conflicts to which we allude, and which now are universally known under the one general denomination of the "Peninsular War."

At the time when our story commences, the Duke of Wellington had taken up a position on a series of mountainous ridges which he had not only rendered impregnable but also formidable against any attack. These fortified ranges formed the far-famed "lines of the Torres Vedras," where, with his unrivalled arms, he kept at bay, and ultimately conquered, the very *élite* of the French armies under the command of Massena and others, Napoleon's best generals whose knowledge of the military science, and whose success in the field, well sustained a reputation acquired from education and long service in "Napoleon's school" of tactics.

As just stated, within the lines of the Torres Vedras were encamped the British allied forces, resting in perfect security, "biding their time" to pounce upon the enemy with the certainty and unerring aim of the eagle's swoop. Before the "lines" was the French army, which, month after month, with untiring patience watched in the vain and futile hope that some fortunate chance would enable them to strike a blow that would compel the English into a ruinous retreat, and a second time seek safety in their ships, as they had previously done at Corunna; and quit the country which Napoleon had, with characteristic arrogance assumed as his own, not only by tyrannical conquest but also from its geographical position to France, of which he said—"by nature it was intended to form a part."

The French army had been long encamped, without having had any opportunity of which they could avail themselves, to make the slightest impression on the British position further than occasional petty "outpost" skirmishes. They had either destroyed or consumed every thing around them which the Portuguese in their neglect or in the quickness of their flight had left behind, so that they were now experiencing all the sufferings and privations which Famine inflicts on her victims.

The British, on the contrary, secure from attack, and with a friendly population in their rear, whose cause they had espoused, and whom they were assisting, were abundantly provided with the necessaries and even with many of the luxuries of life. Being thus securely and comfortably situated, and the likelihood of an attack upon his position improbable, the troops began to experience the usual consequences of inactivity—*ennui*—and ingenuity was taxed in every possible way to create amusements in order to effect the very desirable object of effectually killing time and dispelling "the blues." The British officers had their packs of hounds—and in hunting and coursing, or "getting up" rustic dances with the peasantry, and other kinds of recreation, day after day and week after week thus pleasantly glided away.

It was late in the afternoon, the sun was just sinking in the west with a golden brilliancy—shooting up its gorgeous rays high into the heavens till they were lost in the azure sky. Far above in the ethereal space, a few clouds slowly and majestically floated by, ever and anon varying their forms in every sort of fantastical figure, assuming the most beautiful diversity of variegated tints and hues, while sailing far away in the distance were little fleecy spots of clouds in the shape of rugged balls of molten gold, others of orange, purple, and red,



fringed with silver, and some shining with beautiful colours of incomparable combinations which mocked the pencil of any mortal painter. The peaks of the receding mountains standing out in bold relief against the golden sky, their outline like a polished margin reflecting back the orange fire, cast their lengthening shades on the slightly wooded landscape below, and added a rich mellow softness to the whole scene.

On all around reigned a peculiar stillness,—each regiment in its respective position—their polished arms were glittering in the sunshine as the whole army along the “lines” was drawn up for the “evening parade.” Wafted by the gentle evening breeze there now might have been heard from afar the faint and indistinct sounds of music,—each moment gathering strength, until presently the deep full cadences of marshal strains burst in full diapason upon the ear from the magnificent band of music heading his Majesty’s regiment, the —th, which was now seen advancing, winding its way in serpentine form round the base of a hill. As they recognised their old companions in arms, their band played that touching air which friendship has consecrated to herself, “Should old acquaintance be forgot?” and which was re-echoed immediately by the bands of the troops within the lines. It needed but the addition of these sweet sounds to complete the harmony of the whole scene, to lend it an enchantment, which gave it an abiding place ever to be graven on the “tablets of memory.”

The evening parade being finished and the “pickets” marched off to relieve their comrades at the several out-posts, the men retired to their respective quarters, or the more anxious gathered round the new comers either to hear any news they might bring from home, or to welcome them to their posts on the “lines.” Apart from these might have been seen a small group of officers in conversation, in the centre of which stood Lieutenant Stoughton, who held a commission in the newly-arrived regiment.

Lieutenant Stoughton was the youngest son of a wealthy country gentleman, and, with the exception of a sister, was the only surviving child left to cheer the life of a widowed mother. It is not necessary to dwell more on the natural consequences of this circumstance than that he was his mother’s idol—that in him would she behold the youthful image of her beloved husband—that in him were centered her joys, her fondest hopes.—Yet a melancholy sadness would occasionally steal over her mind with all the apprehensions of a mother’s love, doubt, and fears. Often in pensive mood did she dwell upon his features, with her mild soft eyes, and with a subdued expression of countenance; often would she fondly smooth from his brow his curling locks and kiss it with the most impassioned fervour, as the tear trembled on the eyelid, unwilling, as it were, to quit its home;—but another would force its way and push it from its resting place, sending it trickling down the quivering cheek accompanied by a deep-drawn inward sigh, which plainly spoke of the swelling but stifled emotions struggling in the mother’s breast.

Time travelled on, and as young Stoughton grew towards man’s estate, his person assumed the most manly and symmetrical shape,—of a noble and exalted bearing, of frank confiding manners, and yet with a boldness in his address which well suited his profession. As he now stood among the small group of his brother officers, his splendid uniform, his lofty military carriage, easy and graceful withal, at once attracted the eye of the spectator. His intellect was of the highest order, and had been well cultivated. A fine scholar—a gentleman in thought as well as in action—open-hearted, spirited, and brave even to temerity—with the most amiable disposition, need it be wondered that young Stoughton was the favourite of every circle in which he moved.

Having chosen arms for his profession, a lieutenancy was procured in his Majesty’s regiment, the —th, which was shortly afterwards ordered off to Portugal to take a part in that eventful war, and where his regiment distinguished itself in many hard-fought battles, so as frequently to call forth the most flattering testimonials from the commander-in-chief.

It will not be a matter of surprise to the reader that, from the elegance of his deportment, and his winning manners, he should have endeared himself to his comrades, as well as to those into whose presence chance occasionally threw him; from the general hilarity of his disposition and his rich fund of droll expedients, he had become so important in making up the circle of mirth or pleasure, that in every party of hunting, racing, dancing, or playful mischief, that it was deemed incomplete unless he were either the “prime mover” or the leader.

In the vicinity of the lines of the Torres Vedras were portions of the estates of a rich Portuguese citizen, “The Quinta Costello de Albertez,” of Don Jose Albertez Martinez, who, in common with the rest of the Portuguese, was compelled by the orders of the Duke of Wellington to move in advance of the British army, in its retrograde movement upon Torres Vedras, taking with them or destroying every thing or any thing that could in any manner tend to serve or assist the then advancing French army. Thus for many miles in extent, covering provinces on the right and on the left, from the utmost verge of those celebrated lines of military posts, from their front to the Spanish territory, nought was to be seen but desolation. Fields of grain and the harvest all destroyed—houses unroofed,—the floors torn up or their burning embers smoking—churches spoliated—the smouldering ruins or remains of every kind of furniture, provisions and grain, that had been collected in the squares or on roads and burnt, the partial remains of barrels from thousands and thousands of which the wines had been poured upon the earth. Thus did they leave their beloved homes, and thus the advancing foe, with execrations in their mouths, marched into a desolated country, deserted by all but a few who rather chose to stay and risk themselves to the mercy of their oppressors. It was no uncommon sight, on entering a cottage to see in one apartment, some individual of a family dying of want, another perishing from brutal treatment, or to find some who, preferring death to dishonour, were lying butchered upon their own hearths.” Thus

the unhappy peasantry, harassed and driven from their cottages and fields—the inhabitants of cities, in the same plight, compelled, with heavy hearts and haggard gaunt despair, to leave behind them their doomed homes and to shift for themselves, as they might, in the rear of the allied armies.

Don Jose Albertez was one of the few exceptions from the sufferers crushed in the general havoc; being in possession of large estates and means withal in the several provinces, he was enabled to transport the greater part of his moveables out of the reach of the enemy, which having done, and completed their safety as far as was practicable, he, with his son and daughter, took up his abode in the Quinta Costello de Albertez already mentioned, its vicinity to the lines holding out promise of security.

Donna Isabel, his daughter, was just entering her eighteenth year. Her education, excepting that pertaining to her religion, had been totally neglected, as is generally the case with the female portion of the Spaniards and Portuguese; yet her natural grace, the loveliness of her form, her face peculiar to the southern climates, a beautiful oval,—a high and noble forehead, a clear olive complexion, with black raven hair, hanging in natural curling tresses, her dark eyes, and their long silken lashes, though softened as they were, partaking of a warm and glowing temperament, required but very little to light them up with a flashing fire—

“Yet are these maids no race of Amazons  
But formed for all the witching arts of love,”—

and the general naiveté and simplicity of her address, endued her with irresistible fascinations. It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that, with her beauty and the immense wealth she would inherit, she had many admirers and suitors at her feet. Of a quick and warm temperament, her young heart owned all the influences of the romance of her country, and its varied passions and emotions were exhibited with an impetuous ardour which owned no mastery.

Being an only daughter she was emphatically a “spoiled child,” for her father looked upon her as his morning star, his blessing—the pupil of his eyes; and it would have been against female nature, or even against human nature itself, if she had not profited by it. The consequences may be inferred; she was fickle, positive and self-willed, but she dealt out her caprices with such a pretty natural coquettishness—that while it served still more to provoke desires for her smiles and favours—it threw a pleasing mist around her, clothing her with a protection, and preventing a perception of the actual reality of her disposition.

The gray morning light behind the distant hills, threw out their peaks and undulations in grand and beautiful outlines, and all nature awaking from her repose had again resounded with the busy hum of day—birds soared aloft warbling and singing their soft and sweet shrill notes, or chirping, hopped from twig to twig, whilst the innumerable tribes of insects lent their feeble voices, and joined the morning chorus to the monarch of the sky. Soldiers here and there might be seen gathering sticks or any other inflammable substances, others kindling them, and others again preparing the camp kettle for the morning meal, some few busily engaged burnishing their arms, and several mounted officers with their dogs were starting for a day of sport.

The sun had far advanced before the dogs had caught the scent or fairly thrown off in full cry. It was a hard run, double after double did poor puss make upon her pursuers, and nobly did the dogs shew the perfection of their breed and the beauty of their training—each horseman strove with all his might to develope the energies and sinews of his hunter;—broad hedges and wide ditches were cleared, they traversed ravines formed by the mountain torrents—ascended steep hills on the one side and descended the precipitous declivities on the other with ease and facility, as if the animals had wings, and skimmed the earth, merely touching it, as the flying fish touches the swelling wave, to take a fresh start or to add impetus to their progress. Eagerly they pursued their onward course—their victim still holding good her distance. But the dogs gain upon her, their mouths grasp within two inches of her haunches—still she yields not; with her sides bursting with fright and panting breathings,—she makes one more desperate effort for a few dozen yards, and at length has “run to earth” and escaped. Severally as the riders came up, they vented their disappointment in curses both “loud and deep.” They did not perceive, in their vexation and their exertions to fathom the hole in which the hare had disappeared—that within a few yards an old gentleman and a young lady were “spectators of the fight” or at least of their annoyance. Their attention being however called to the circumstance of their presence by one of the party; with astonishment depicted in their faces, they looked confusedly first at the old gentleman and then at Donna Isabel, (for she it was with her father) and simultaneously raised their caps from their heads—Don José slightly inclining his in acknowledgment, after a moment’s pause the old gentleman, raising his hat, saluted them—“Gentlemen, I wish you a good morning.”

“We beg to apologise, sir, for thus trespassing on your grounds,” replied Stoughton, “in the heat and ardour of our pursuit of the sport we heeded not whither we went or what we did; but we beg to assure you of our embarrassment for such an unceremonious visit to your presence.” He then made a respectful bow to Donna Isabel.

“Gentlemen, you are most welcome,” returned Don José, “seeing you so busily engaged, my daughter and I [here the gentlemen again raised their caps] were attracted to the spot to see what could interest you so much—pray, sirs, step up to the house and take some refreshment, my daughter will entertain you—come, I am sure gentlemen you must be much fatigued—the servants will attend to your horses.” This courteous invitation was of course accepted. Stoughton had already entered into conversation with the lovely Isabel, much to the mortification of his companions; they did not signify such to be the fact, however further than by the simple observation—“there’s Stoughton again, always in luck.” Alas! how little did any of that gay party dream of the mis-



fortune and misery this unfortunate "luck" was to bring down upon his devoted head!

## CHAPTER II.

"No more, no more! love turn thy boat to land,—  
I am so sorrowful at my own words.  
Affection is an awful thing!—alas,  
We give our destiny from our own hands  
And trust to those most frail of all frail things—  
The chances of humanity."

Having accepted his proffered arm, the lovely Isabel and Lieut. Stoughton slowly proceeded towards the castle nor did they arrive till many minutes after the rest had been seated and already were partaking of refreshments. He conducted her to a seat, taking another by her side—she even sipped some wine from his glass, a compliment in Spain and Portugal only to the favoured. Moments quickly stole away till an hour had passed in conversation upon the exciting topics of the day. Nor was it at all surprising that Stoughton took no part in the general discourse; he was in truth entirely ignorant of any of it. Not so with his companions, they knew to a letter all the vivid eloquence of his language in which, though not conscious of the fact himself, he did not fail to portray his sentiments and feelings towards the beautiful Isabel.

On their departure Don José paid them the compliment of requesting that, should "chance" bring them that way again, they would make his house their resting place. Stoughton returned thanks for the whole for the obligations under which they laboured and for which they felt so much indebted; taking the hand of Isabel in his, he gently pressed it, and made her a bow full of grace and meaning. With sparkling eyes, yet beaming with all the goodness of female nature, softened with love, she, in a somewhat faltering voice, intimated that he would be received as a visitor with a welcome, by both her father and herself. The impatient scowl upon the father's countenance was totally lost upon both—their eyes were too intent upon each other.

Stoughton did not fail to receive a severe railery from his companions, while on their return to the camp, partaking also in some measure of an affected jealousy from each individual of "the impression" he had made on the heart of the "old man's daughter." "What a glorious thing it was to be handsome," and to have a good stock of impudence withal; "how glibly went his tongue, how smooth his expressions, how penetrating his admiration." He laughed at their waggery, which, although at his expense, amused him, but occasionally he would become so absorbed with the new feelings and emotions so suddenly awakened in his breast, that their jests would fall dead upon his ear, and only arousing her by their loud and boisterous laughter at his absence of mind.

So struck and overpowered was he by the charms of the Donna Isabel that, from the moment he parted from her, he became another man. Around, and before him, her eyes, her smile, her charms—her last look were constantly hovering about him and haunting him continually—like oil upon water they floated uppermost in his thoughts. He became meditative and melancholy, his actions and duties he performed mechanically, he mixed not in the camp's tumult of pleasure but rather courted retirement. This gloominess of mind, however, did not prevent him from availing himself of every opportunity to accept the invitations occasionally sent. Little parties were formed for equestrian exercise; on these occasions Donna Isabel showed her admirable skill in the management of her horse,—but notwithstanding her excellence as a horsewoman, some accident would be sure to occur, or the horses would "shy," so that by some means the lovers would come together, by the merest chance and purest accident in the world. How strange it is, that mankind, satisfied that their actions and artifices close the eyes of others, while, in fact, it is themselves who are blind, and themselves only, who are deceived.

The father, Don José, with a vexed spirit saw the impression the young officer had made on his daughter's mind and heart, and inwardly he saw a dark cloud forming that would weigh heavily on his house. That her affections were irretrievably given to the "Ingles" as the father contemptuously designated Stoughton. He was fully aware that to change her mind or alter her feelings where her affections were engaged, he knew to be a moral impossibility, and he shuddered with disgust at the mere thought, that an Englishman and a heretic should possess his daughter; he determined, if possible, to nip their love in the bud, but the attempt only added fuel to the hidden flame. The visits of the British officers were now strictly forbidden, while at the same time to make certainty more sure, he confined his daughter in her own apartments, for several weeks permitting no person to see her, save her father confessor and her female attendant to render her needful services.

This imprisonment, instead of working the intended cure, irritated her feelings and made her conscious that she was treated in a manner unbecoming the dignity of her character; and this, too, by her father, who hitherto had not known how to lavish on her, sufficiently, his love and his favours. Her heart swelled almost to breaking, but her indignant and agitated feelings could find no vent in tears—burning with a feverish excitement, her restless eye constantly roving, she would, in the frenzy of her thoughts, shake her narrow room—then suddenly seize the iron bars of the window and shake them with her whole strength. Not a breath of wind murmured through the grove but what tended to increase the irritability of her nerves, not a leaf nor a blade of grass moved, but in the wildness of her imagination she fancied her lover was at hand.

Stoughton had been there many times, but no opportunity had occurred even of giving him a chance to see her. The house was surrounded by a high wall, beyond which she could see the green trees and the hills in the distance; but he, in his reconnoitering excursions, could see nothing of his beloved one. But if a young man with a handsome face and person, and that person splendidly set off in gorgeous regimentals, with winning manners and a winning tongue, with bright pieces of gold between his thumb and finger, did not have some little influence on a female heart, it would have been a calumny on her sex, and Kafa-

rine Maria was a woman, almost as romantic as her young mistress; believing her to be right—not an uncommon belief in woman where love is in the way—and considering her to be very ill used, she, without hesitation, entered into all Stoughton's arrangements for her to be the medium of a correspondence with the Donna Isabel, nor would all his entreaties induce her to accept his gold—she did it in the pure romance of woman's kindred feeling, for, as she would quaintly remark, "They were made for each other." Moreover he had found favour in her sight; in such a case what will not woman do! By her means the correspondence was maintained. Notwithstanding all the careful watchings of Don José, she managed not only to elude his utmost vigilance but even to prevent his suspicions.

Don José being at length satisfied that his daughter was resigned to his will—which change in her had singularly enough taken place from the moment she and her lover had commenced their correspondence,—he thought proper to release her from her imprisonment, with the permission to move about within the precincts of the estate, not however without being under the surveillance of her brother. The lovers nevertheless, despite all these precautions, managed to elude the vigilance of the watchers, and met each other nightly in a thick grove near the mansion. There they exchanged vows of unalterable, never dying love. These clandestine meetings, instead of calming their feelings, engendered a bitterness of soul and a sensitive asperity towards the father, for his cruel obstinacy and still more cruel treatment; and they would dwell upon their unhappy lot with an intensity of sorrow and grief known only to those who suffer the tormenting pangs of love's disappointment. In this manner passed hour after hour, and it was not uncommon for the booming sound of the "morning gun" to intimate the necessity that they should part;—slowly and sadly would he retrace his steps towards his quarters, unconscious of surrounding objects, till the sharp click of the musket, as it was brought to the "present," sounded through the calm atmosphere, and warned him that he was in the vicinity of the outposts. The wild scenery, the deathlike stillness—the faint appearance of the white tents in the distance, as the waning moon threw her last rays upon them—the dying embers of the watchfires—told that, in those depths of silence, thousands were sleeping, ready, at a moment's command, to wake into active life and slaughter their fellow creatures; presently might have been heard the quick interrogatories of the advance sentinel—"Who goes there," "the word," "countersign," "pass," and "all's well;" these repeated at the different distances where the sentinels were placed, until he reached the main lines.

About to part somewhat earlier on one occasion from the angel of his hopes, he was suddenly startled, and straining his eyes to penetrate the darkness, he thought he saw pass near him the figure of a man. Drawing his sword he rushed to the spot—all was silent, nought to be seen; he returned to the lady, bade her an affectionate farewell, and departed. A short time had elapsed, Donna Isabel, still listening near the place where she had taken leave of her lover, when she felt her arm firmly grasped as with a hand of iron: she would have screamed with affright, but her brother's voice, more terrific to her than that of a brutal ruffian, quite appalled her, her tongue refused to give utterance to her agonised feelings—all had been discovered!—Partially recovering from her hysterical emotions, tremblingly she entreated, and with the most endearing solicitations, she besought him to keep the affair secret within his own breast, promising, by all that was dear and sacred to her, not again to act against her father's wishes.

The brother, in reply, coarsely upbraided her for her contumacious and impious conduct in opposing the commands of her father, and in desiring to join herself "to a heretic," and "a dog." He escorted her to the house and lost not a moment to inform Don José of the assignations.—She was again locked up in the old chamber, imprisoned still more rigorously than before; and thus left to her own solitary meditations, day after day, hour after hour, did she offer up prayers that the heart of her father might be softened towards her lover and herself.—[Conclusion next week.]

## A LESSON DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

Little Johnny Stint was said to have been born with a wooden ladle in his mouth. The mouth was a wide one, to be sure, but he was always as chary and economical of the words which came out of it, as he was scant of good things to put into it.

The silver spoons of the world did not treat their brother of a less fortunate destiny with much consideration. As a child he was a mere picker-up of scraps from the nurseries of the well-fed; as a boy, he was kicked upon errands rather than sent upon them; and as a young man, the utmost favour he ever obtained from the fair, was the permission graciously accorded him by a maid-of-all-work at a school, to come and clean the boots and shoes for her on a Saturday—to which were subsequently added, as a voluntary token that her heart was softening, the knives and forks.

A ray of hope once shot across his mind, as standing under a parlour-window in a quiet suburb, he heard a young lady singing to the dislocated remains of a piano, the touching ballad,

She loved him because he was poor.

"Because he was poor!" mentally ejaculated the neglected Stint. "Well, that is an odd reason. How fond she would have been of me! She would have loved me better at night than at morning, and more on Wednesday than on Tuesday."

But Johnny, though so poor and hopeless, was an upright little fellow. His wants were few, and his wishes not much more numerous. He never flinched from a little sharp work if it brought him in any thing; and if he disliked his lot, he had too scanty a supply of words to indulge in long complaints. He went on his way not rejoicing, but whistling moodily; much happier perhaps than people thought him, if they thought about him at all; and infinitely more honest than they had any notion of, when they carelessly said of him—

"You may trust Johnny; he is too humble for temptation, and too insignificant to be a rogue."



When he had less to eat than usual, he curtailed his appetite, as he best could; and when he had a little extra supply, he stored it in a right saving spirit against the next necessitous season. But never was he known to break off the loose corner of a loaf which he was sent to purchase; or to pocket a single potato out of the eight-and-twenty pounds which he was always ready to bring from the next market on the chance of getting a penny or two for his pains.

In this creeping existence he continued for some time after he had arrived at those years of discretion at which discreetness is so scarce; growing more indifferent to privation, but somewhat less used to it; as honest as at first, and a little more contented than ever; when one day, in a lonely spot—nobody near, and his pockets almost empty—Johnny Stint found a purse.

Having picked it up and examined the prize—having with trembling fingers, and with dim, straining, disbelieving eyes, counted the gold and silver it contained—Johnny looked all around, as if in expectation of seeing the frantic owner of the treasure ready to rush upon him, and screaming "That's mine." But not a creature was within view. Johnny then looked up to heaven, as though means might be miraculously supplied of depositing the purse there, until the true claimant should appear; and then again he gazed all around him, examined the bright contents once more, exercised his little powers of arithmetic with the same result as at first; and then returning the pieces one by one, closed his hand as tightly as he could upon the precious store, and buried both hand and purse in the depth of a capacious breeches-pocket.

On he walked, looking very often on the ground, glancing here and there, as though other purses might be scattered about—and not unfrequently he looked up to the sky, as though the treasure could only have dropped thence—with a notion, too, in his mind, that somebody there had already made a note of its amount, as well as of the name of the finder.

On he walked still, with varying feelings, but one uppermost of all—the feeling of a man who has done a good day's work for himself.

"He ought to give me half-a-crown out of this," said Johnny Stint to himself, as he trudged along, squeezing the solid purse in his hand, as if he never could be sure enough that he held it at the very bottom of his pocket in delightful security.

"Two shillings, or even half-a-crown," repeated John, a little misgivingly, but inwardly sure of a reward of some magnitude.

But other thoughts presently succeeded to these calculations of reward founded on the loser's gratitude. Johnny Stint thought of the loser's present feelings—of his despair, his agony; of the purposes to which he might have been about to apply the money; of the debts he might have contemplated paying; of the wife and children who might be doomed to misery by the want of it;—but then his thoughts as speedily recurred to the joy which the now unhappy loser would experience on the restoration of his treasure, not a farthing missing. And lastly, his silent meditations wandered back (selfishness is the universal vice, and Johnny must be pardoned) to the old point—the reward.

"At least," was his modest reflection, "he can hardly do less than give me a shilling, for this is a good long walk."

Just as he arrived at this comforting conclusion, he arrived also at a wayside public-house. His heart felt as warm within him as the hand that burned with the clutch of the gold; and he paused, inspired with the novel idea of cooling both with a small draught of the smallest ale that was to be had for money. He had a few halfpence left, and was confident of a grand supply soon.

Boldly therefore he approached, perhaps with something of a little swagger (but this may be imaginary), to make the unusual call, when around the door of the beer-shop he found a small group of persons aiding in the search for a sixpence which had been dropped by a tiny urchin who could not look about for it for crying.

"Father 'll give anybody a halfpenny who'll find it for me, that he will," sobbed out the boy.

"Will he?" broke in a harsh voice from a corner of the settle at the door of the house; "then he'll give more than I got when I found a purse all full 'o gold and silver in the turnip-field across yonder."

The little assembly, all except the broken-hearted urchin, turned to look at the speaker; and Johnny Stint in particular riveted his eyes upon him.

The man had on a labourer's dress much the worse for wear; he had a sullen face which drink had not improved; and there was about him a reckless and disorderly air, which was any thing but prepossessing.

"Ay," said he, between the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, observing that his remark had drawn inquiring looks upon him, "more than I ever got when I picked up Squire Goulden's purse two year ago. He never handed out a ha'penny, though I found it off the squire's property, trudged wi' it four mile to the hall, and g'ed it into his own hand. Blistered be it with the hot goold! All I got was 'o be told I had stolen some on it, for there was more in't when 'twas lost; and instead o' coming here wi' the reward o' honesty, I went wi' constable to jail, till they liked to let me out. That comes o' poor men finding rich men's money."

Johnny Stint was all ear: yet his eyes were by no means idle. They searched the face of the speaker, as if by close looking his eyes could hear too. But as the man's voice ceased, the countenance resumed its expression of sullen indifference, not unmixed with savage scorn, and a thicker cloud of tobacco smoke was the only sign of further emotion visible.

John, who had at first been rudely moved, in his way, by the boy's trouble, now stood looking on while others were searching about, without feeling the slightest interest in their success. His glances fell carelessly round, and then settled again upon the face of the smoker, who was at least equally indifferent to all that was going on. Then did John Stint turn his steps down the lane, he stopped and looked back, but again went on; and then presently, after a second pause, he turned suddenly and came back up the lane at a much quicker pace, as if with the intention of returning to the beer-shop, or of making his way into the town. But he once more stopped, looking neither up at the sky nor on the path before him, but intently at the distant houses; then glancing about him, he drew his right hand from his pocket, and gazed keenly at it without unclosing it. It was slowly returned, and with the action his face was again turned towards the fields, which he approached with seemingly irresolute steps. One final pause he made at the end of the lane, and then he hurried onwards across the grass, and was seen no more.

What were the meditations of poor Johnny Stint as he hastened on his devious and solitary course across country—what were his speculations concerning Squire Goulden, and the probabilities of his being the owner of the second purse—what his fears of being accused of theft because unable to prove that the money given up was exactly the amount of the money found—what his newborn and intoxicating ideas (if any) of another kind of life from that moment to be commenced by himself under the spur of a terrible temptation—nobody ever knew.

But this is known to many: that in a noted city, some hundred miles away from the scene we have just quitted, little Johnny Stint was greatly esteemed

and patronized, about three years afterwards, as Mr. John Stint, landlord of the Crown hotel. The surrounding gentry nodded, and the best of tradespeople shook hands. He was a flourishing and highly respectable member of society, and seemed to know it.

Stint belied his name, for profusion was the order of the day at the crack hotel. Customers who ran a long score, would sometimes gratefully wonder whence their prosperous host had sprung—how, from opening a little daily eating-house for mechanics, he had leaped into the proprietorship of the famous "Crown;" but on this subject as on every thing that related to the past, there was one explanatory monosyllable employed as a wind-up by all—landlord as well as guests—and it was made more impressive by the forefinger being placed upon the lip, a knowing nod completing the mysterious emphasis.

Of the future, Mr. Stint was less shy of talking—although, as of old, he never talked too much. His doings, however, unfortunately for him outstripped his sayings. He promised to erect a new billiard-room—but he betook himself to hazard of an afternoon. He engaged to keep an excellent stable, suited to a splendid establishment—but he was seduced into the glory of breeding racers—and what was worse, of betting upon them.

At length—or rather after no great lapse of time—when the dice were in his hand and a trusty partner at his elbow, "mum" became the favourite word in the mouth of Mr. John Stint, and sadly to his loss of credit, he forgot that even so small a monosyllable might possibly be overheard—the admonition to silence, thus acting as the precursor to detection. So, too, however cleverly the loss of a race might be projected, the magic phrase "mum," which had power to seal a jockey's lips to day, had no effect in stopping his ears to the offer of a better bribe to-morrow; and by such gaps in his system of secrecy was our miserable little hero somewhat rapidly reduced from respectable John Stint to roguish little Johnny.

It was in this latter character that he was one day transported for stealing a silver spoon which had lately been his own property.

Alas! for the wooden ladle with which he was born! Had he kept it yet a little longer, held it fast when sorely tempted to fling it away, it would have fed him after some fashion, and been changed in the end to an inheritance, richer than plates and dishes of purest gold.

## ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS INHABITANTS IN 1843

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY."

If the city of St. Petersburg in itself presents nothing, except its Muscovite churches, which is characteristic or national, it is different with the aspect of the crowds which throng its streets. The beards, the long hair, and the long coats or caftans, and such of two-thirds of the passers-by,—the peculiar vehicles and harness,—the costume of the Russian coachmen, intermingled with the ordinary dress, appearance, and equipages of other European cities, are striking and novel.

The principal distinction between unpretending plebeianism and aristocratic pretension, of whatever grade of the fourteen classes into which the law divides it, consists in the retention or rejection of the national costume. The bearded and caftaned Russian never holds any rank or *chen*; he is never a holder of slaves: he is subject to corporeal punishment at the discretion of a police officer, and he is often a slave himself. He may be a driver, or shopman, or shop-keeper, or a merchant worth his hundred thousand pounds. He is distinguished from the *moujik* or peasant only by not wearing the sheepskin or coarse brown cloth, but arrays himself instead in the caftan or shube, a robe of blue or green cloth in winter, lined with fur, and distinctive of the *bourgeoisie*. Externally, the wealthy first-guild merchant has nothing to distinguish him from the lowest of his class, except sometimes the value of his furs.

The bearded Russian, whatever the real influence his wealth may give him, which may be imagined in the most venal country under the sun, were he to enter any place of fashionable public resort, would be looked upon much in the same light as a private soldier in England, taking his seat in a similar place of entertainment in his regimentals. And there is some foundation for the prejudice which excludes him—his insupportable odour. This odour, no doubt, arises from Muscovite habits.

The Russian is very heedless in the change of his clothes, although constantly resorting to the vapour-bath; but as in this vapour-bath, which is his greatest luxury, he exposes himself to the heat of steam, which, in a certain space of time, would suffice to cook fish, and thus induces a most copious perspiration, which he perpetually keeps up by drinking inconceivable quantities of warm water tinged with tea, and of quass, which is water impregnated with the acid of rye flour, or a little honey. He also eats large quantities of the rank hemp-seed oil, either as a soup or in his pastry, his buckwheat, or his vegetables during the fast, which lasts half the year; but the principal bulk of his food is a fermented cabbage and the sour black bread, which is scarcely more nourishing than bran. Something of the essence of all these things seems to stream through his pores with the perspiration; or at all events he smells as if they did.

Now whether the bearded Muscovite be the possessor of millions, or a beggar, this odour never abandons him, because his mode of life is nearly the same,—only that in addition to these things the wealthy drink porter, champagne, and revel occasionally in every delicacy—though, on ordinary occasions, dipping into the same wooden bowl with their subordinate. The great distinction is the costume and beard: the shaven Russian is always a man of some rank, or wishes to be thought so, and with the shaven chin, always corresponds either a civil or military uniform, or a European habit; but as the absence of the beard, which the *moujik* glories in, is the distinctive of the civilization, no vestige of whisker is commonly seen, unless adorning the physiognomy of foreigners. The Emperor Alexander, who had few sympathies with, or prejudices in favour of, his subjects, declared that he knew a Russian of any rank by the smell, and frequently caused perfumes to be burned when they left his presence.

If we stand in any frequented part of St. Petersburg, and watch the passing crowd of shaven and unshaven Russians, the latter predominating according as it is a more or less fashionable quarter, we observe as great a variety in the appearance of the vehicles which whirl them by, as in those who ride within, or constitute the stream of foot-passengers. In the winter season, when St. Petersburg is in its glory, let us take the corner of the Nevsky prospect. The old body of a chariot placed upon a sleigh without its wheels, is rapidly whisked past by four rough-looking little horses, wiry and uncouth as the rudest of Welsh ponies, with long ragged tails and manes. Two footmen, in furred greatcoats, with enormous cocked-hats, stand behind the carriage; a coachman, bearded, caftaned, and wearing the quadrangular velvet cap, which distinguishes his profession, sits on the box, the reins in both hands, without a whip. One of the leaders is mounted by a boy dressed like the coachman, sitting on a high Tartar saddle, the skirts of his ample caftan being tucked round his legs.



This may be a minister, a counsellor of state, or some man high in office, driving to the palace. His dingy equipage shows the negligence to externals of the man in power. His four horses are not worth forty pounds; but these are the hacks which save his fat, sleek, showy nags, of which he has many sets. These horses are harnessed according to the fashion which the Russians have derived from the former Tartar conquerors. The collar is very light, so are the breeching and traces, and all of black oiled leather, which, in dry weather, wears eternally. In the mouth the horse has nothing but a snaffle.

Next, perhaps, passes a coach on wheels. The coach itself was abandoned some fifteen years ago in Germany, by some fastidious Englishman, who deemed it worn out, and no longer worth repairing; but since then it has been constantly in use, and changing hands, and will probably do service for many years longer, though rather an antiquated now.

This vehicle is also driven by a Russian bearded coachman; but it is considered to be in the English taste, because a heavy and gaudy old harness, in the English fashion, fastens the horses to the pole. The horses themselves have a touch of the heavy Mecklenburg breed about them. They are nicked, and retain the smallest imaginable stump of a tail. If there are four horses, a heavy postilion parodying the costume of an English postboy, sits in his saddle like an Austrian dragon.

This is one of the thousand equipages at the disposal of the court, got up in the German department of the imperial stables, cycled in English style, or else the property of some German official.

Then dashes by us at an astounding pace—the bearded coachman shouting as he drives along—a light sledge of polished walnut or maple wood, scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. The horses are bright bay or jet-black, glossy in coat, and so sleek and fat that the near horse as he canters or gallops along covers the trace with foam; for the near horse gallops always the same shoulder foremost, his neck being rounded, from his head being strapped down, so that his long mane almost trails in the snow. The off horse in reality draws the vehicle; he is harnessed between shafts, and these shafts are held forcibly apart, so as to yield him some support by a bow about the thickness of a man's wrist, which rises high over his head, above the collar, and to which he is bound by a bearing-rein. This horse trots, whilst the one beside him canters, and the effect is very graceful when the galloping horse, or *pristastcha*, is showy; but it is painful to behold when the curve of the neck, instead of appearing natural in a fiery animal, is evidently torturing some worn-out brute, who flounders wearily along, as is so often the case.

In this sledge sits an officer in the guards—a Russian nobleman—enveloped in the light bluish-gray cloak of the Russian army, with a collar of the beautiful fur of the sea-otter muffling up his face, and a white cocktail feather streaming from his preposterously large cocked hat. He is a man of family and fortune; his conversation will amuse you for an hour; he appears high-bred and gentlemanlike;—but converse with him for a thousand hours and the theme is always the same—champagne, cards, and French actresses. Make your way into his confidence and learn the nearest wish of his heart, and a hundred to one that it is to get rid of his uniform.

The next is the equipage of a Russian magnate in all its glory. The carriage is bran new, with exceedingly showy arms upon the panels; for, although properly speaking, no Russian family is entitled to quarter arms, since the whole nation was plunged in the profoundest barbarism long after the last epoch when men bore their cognisance upon their shields, yet every Russian glories in having them as a sort of ornament, particularly if adorned with much gilding, and party-coloured. The footmen behind the carriage are wrapped in magnificent many-caped greatcoats. The capes and the rim of their huge cocked-hats are trimmed with a broad gold or silver lace checkered with alternate squares, on which the arms of the owner are embroidered. The collar of the footmen's greatcoats, and the trimming of the bearded coachman's cap and velvet cap, are of sable or sea-otter, and worth, perhaps, a hundred guineas.

The horses, light-limbed, arch-necked, and sleek-coated, show all the useless points of breeding, and the skilful grooming of their dark, glossy coats, show off the light and elegant harness, which is relieved by silver ornaments and studs, like the cowrie-shells on the Morisco bridles. But perhaps one of those gorgeous footmen standing behind the carriage shows the toe of his foot coming through his boot, one of those showy horses wants a shoe, and some part of the brilliant harness is fastened with a piece of rope.

The noble owner is in uniform, although he has paid the enormous tribute of military service; he has just returned from his three years' permission to travel. Like every Russian, whose first principle is to do at Rome as Rome does, when abroad he has echoed the opinions of the liberal society in which he has mingled, and when speaking of despotism, he has spoken *avec connaissance de cause*; but like most of his countrymen, the liberality of his ideas, or at least of those he professes, has been gradually freezing up as he approached his native frontier, and he is beset by vague and instinctive terrors, that his words have been picked up by the quick ears of diplomatic spies and their agents and transmitted home, or that what they have not overheard, may in malice have been attributed to him. He is going thus early to endeavour to learn from some friend at court how the land lies; but meanwhile there is about him the suspicious and fearful air of a hound crouching in his terror, and until something is known of how the imperial sun will deign to shine upon him, he is shunned as infected by all who, when his fears have proved unfounded, a few days hence will be his intimates.

His lady is in delicate health, and ill from the effects of the journey; but if an invitation should be graciously vouchsafed to him, she must quit her sick chamber, and appear, at the risk of fainting under her diamonds, lest the empress should remark, as the Marquis de Custine observes, "That Madame So-and-so is always ill;" thus cutting off his slender hopes of court favour.

Not that the wealthy magnate wants any thing of the court; his understeward cheats him annually out of a larger sum than remunerates the highest office in the empire; but because a portion of court favour is a protection against all the thousand annoyances of the machinery of despotic government, and the caprice of autocratic jealousy or prejudice.

Perhaps at this moment, if any thing interrupts the anxious thoughts which fill his mind, a feeling of envy flashes across it, as that wealthy bearded merchant darts past him in a light sledge, with a powerful half-bred racing trotter, of the famous Orloff breed, which his coachman, his body half bent forward, and saving the snaffle-bit to restrain the eager animal, is driving down to the race-course on the ice, the principal place of amusement of his fellows.

The noble sighs as he thinks that the enfranchised peasant has acquired millions of roubles in his trade, which, as a capital employed in speculations, he often gathers together in cash without exciting suspicion, and which he might

transmit abroad, and then fly himself; whereas he, the noble, dare not brave the dangers that would attend the attempt to transfer his property abroad, the vigilance of the secret police spies in learning his intentions, or the treachery of his agents or relatives in carrying them out. But the bearded merchant has no wish to leave his country; he speaks no language but the Russ, and if he has become acquainted with the luxuries of civilization it is only to ingraft them on, not to exchange them with, his barbarous habits. The noble, therefore, looks on him as an imprisoned bird might look on another whose cage was open, but who had no thought of flying away.

Let us return to the koutitz, or merchant, and his favourite steed, for both are the types of a race who play a great figure amongst the modern Muscovites.

Ivan Ivanovitch—John the son of John—got permission thirty years ago from his lord and master, to seek for work, by paying his *abrok*, or yearly tribute. The instinct of traffic is as natural to the Muscovite as to the Hebrew—and he is both a shrewd and bold speculator. He began as a pedler; then perhaps he kept a *larka*, or petty shop; from thence speculated on corn, or oil, or hemp, or hides; he has undertaken government contracts, and had the capital and spirit to bribe high enough to obtain them, and then to bribe to evade the fulfilment of them. He has been, or may become, Lord Mayor of St. Petersburg, or of his native town; but he is seldom ambitious of any honours, which he looks upon as a pretext for fleecing him,—unless, indeed, he gets one of the crosses, which dangle by scores about the breasts of the hungry *employés* and officers;—for this at once makes him a nobleman, and enables him to purchase slaves. He has probably now attained the summit of his wishes, and realized the ideas of perfect felicity of a Russian of his class; in his estimate of which the possession of a fat wife, a fat cat, and a fat horse have a considerable share.

His ordinary mode of life is frugal, he never abandons his fermented cabbage, his buckwheat gruel, his luscious-oil, his fish pies, and his raw salt herring and onion; but when he invites any one to his table, every imaginable luxury from every quarter of the globe is stored upon it. Nevertheless, he scarcely ever concludes a bargain in his business, without dropping into a fruit-shop. These fruiterers are at once wine-merchants, grocers, fruiterers, cheesemongers, and oil and Italian ware-housemen, and make a most tempting display of their goods. Here a certain number of bottles of champagne or London porter are drunk, with a luncheon of Caviar or a few oysters. The average price of oysters (which are not found in the brackish waters of the Baltic) is, in St. Petersburg, about a shilling apiece, which raises them infinitely in the estimation of the Russians, who do not object either to their being occasionally high-flavoured.

In the warm weather, the great luxury is the water-melon, which arrives in great quantities from Southern Russia, and at home, in his profuse moments, the bearded merchant may be seen sitting with one of these cool fruits, into the heart of which he has scooped a hole, serving him as a hat, the juice trickling down and anointing his patriarchal beard.

He drives out, when in a carriage, with four horses, because this is a privilege which, as a first-guild merchant, he holds in common with the nobility—and, in fact, the only one.

The costume of his wife and daughter is, in common, homely and dowdy, but on great occasions they appear in public in all the magnificence of pink and sky-blue satins, marabout feathers, and expensive furs and diamonds.

With regard to himself, his principal hobby is in his horse. For his own sledge he estimates the beauty of the animal by his breadth and fatness; for the race-course he is naturally influenced by certain breeds and performance. He seldom drives and never rides,—as, in fact, no Muscovite unmixt with Cossack or Polish blood willingly does; but yet he does not hesitate to give five hundred to fifteen hundred pounds for a horse—always for what he considers his beauty and his weight, or his speed as a trotter.

So much has been said about the rapid rate of travelling, and the extraordinary powers of endurance of the Russian horses, that a stranger is led to expect much, and is consequently disappointed. The national breeds of Russian horses, if we except the ponies, natural to all northern countries, having been principally derived from the Tartar, they contain far more breeding, i. e. more of the Arab blood from which all excellence is derived, than the horses of France, Germany, Belgium, or Holland, and are consequently more lasting, but are bony, angular, side-necked, and unsightly, far from being fast, and want of care and a cold climate, and coarse food, have rendered their appearance still more unsightly.

Wherever an equestrian population has paid more attention, as in the instance of the Cossacks and the Tartars, the breed has less deteriorated, and is an exceedingly serviceable one. Some reigns back an attempt was made, and has been since continued, to ameliorate it by crossing it with Arabian and English thorough-bred blood. The result was the production of excellent horses, but which retained the angularity and ungraceful form of the Muscovite horse;—in consequence of which heavy Flemish and Mecklenburg mares were introduced and crossed with the English barb and Arab. Studs were formed all over the country, and from this stock all the cavalry and carriage-horses are supplied; but as breeding was not understood, half-breeds and half-breds were constantly mingled, so that only the useless and showy points of blood are conspicuous.

The Orloff breed—the most renowned in Russia, especially the Orloff trotters, spring from the same origin. They are very large in size, and from the age of one year are harnessed to light sledges, and never allowed to break trot; so that an Orloff trotter has, perhaps, never galloped or cantered since he was foaled, and thus having lost all instinct of the pace, if a wolf were at his heels, would still trot away from it.

When put to their utmost speed, these horses, therefore, trot at an astonishing pace. But the race which generally takes place on the race-course on the frozen Neva, opposite the palace, is seldom more than a verst or two thirds of a mile in length, more frequently half that distance. They cannot therefore be compared with English or American trotters. No doubt that these cannot attain an equal speed for short distances; though even for five miles the Orloff horses would stand no chance—firstly, from inherent want of blood, and secondly, from want of condition, being always as fat as the horses in the life-guard barracks.

With regard to the powers of endurance of the Cossack horse, extraordinary tales are told, as in all countries where no heavy wagers test the marvels related. The stories of wonderful performances are so constantly and so well authenticated, that one could hardly have doubted their immense superiority over our own horses, had not the matter been set at rest by a remarkable trial towards the close of the late emperor's reign.

A wager was laid by Mr. Gibson, the English consul, that two English horses would beat any two Cossack horses which could be selected, at a race of fifty versts, or upwards of thirty-three English miles. This took place long after the Cossack horses had been improved by the admixture of English and Arabian



blood, and Mr. G. had no particular horses in his view. He commissioned a friend to send two hunters for the purpose. Two tolerably well bred, but at that date naturally not thorough-bred hunters were sent out to him, whilst the Russians selected out of some fifty thousand of the best horses in the Cossack country. The race took place in the presence of the emperor Alexander; regiments of Cossacks were dispersed along the line to keep it clear, thousands of pounds were betted on the issue of the match, and an immense concourse of people assembled to witness it.

It commenced under these disadvantages for the Englishman; firstly, that they had grown men to ride, whilst the Cossack horses were ridden at feather weight; and secondly, that one of the two English horses fell dead lame at starting. The other, at the half-way station, arrived whilst the two Cossacks were far out of sight, and being full of contempt for his antagonists, he dismounted, both to refresh himself and his steed; meanwhile the Cossacks came up and passed onwards.

Now it happened that one of the Counts Orloff, commander of the Cossack horsemen stationed to keep the line, was deeply interested in the issue of the race, and by a very ingenious if not very creditable piece of jockeyship, he had contrived to be made acquainted at every instant with its progress. For this purpose the Cossacks had private orders, whenever the Russians were ahead, to hold their lances perpendicular, when the English were foremost, to drop them horizontally. As the horsemen were in sight of each other, this signal was in a few minutes telegraphed from one to the other, up to the count. At about the middle of the race, where the English horse had stopped, the lances, after being constantly down, were suddenly raised up, and Orloff, imagining that now the bottom of the Cossacks was beginning to tell, made sure of victory, and betted another hundred thousand roubles on the event; but alas! he was caught in his own trap—the lances went up again—the English horses came in at last, in miserable plight it is true, but the Cossack horses never came in at all, either dying or being obliged to be killed where they had fallen.

With regard to the fast travelling in Russia, because the horses are always galloping with a short stride, and kicking up the snow, which generally forms an admirable railroad, and because six or eight are harnessed to a sledge or carriage, foreigners are apt to imagine that they go very fast. But it is probable that even by dint of bribery, exhortations, and the distress of his master's horses, to which the driver may be allured, no private individual accomplishes an average of fifteen versts an hour, which is ten miles, and eleven versts is much more common. The emperor, indeed, travels fast, but then horses constantly drop dead in the harness, and those who do not will never again perform a similar feat.

Next to the emperor, the *feld jaegers*, or couriers, manage to obtain the greatest velocity; you may see one dashing round the corner just after the bearded merchant. A common sledge, or light cart, or *telega*, is dragged along at the gallop of three ragged-looking post-horses, harnessed abreast, and constituting the *troika*. They are driven by a peasant, the *feld jaeger* himself, in a uniform not easily distinguishable from that of a field-officer—a gray cloak with fur collar, and a cocked hat with streaming white cock's feathers. He has, perhaps, just arrived from a journey of a couple of thousand miles, in charge of despatches, without halting for half an hour on the road, and he is certainly a most extraordinary personage, because meet him when and where you will, he looks as smart and as spruce as if prepared for parade, and you see him whirl along through the dirt or snow, sitting upright in a seat without even a back to it. He keeps himself warm by exercising his whip on the backs of post-boys and post-masters, and receives a salary of about sixty pounds for going a distance equal to the circumference of the earth in a season: but then although he is allowed money for post-horses, no post-master dares take it, because he would revenge himself by driving the whole team to death; and consequently his perquisites become very lucrative.

Let us next turn to that dashing family sledge, with its cloth of pale blue, lined and edged with black bearskin, to match the liveries of the coachman and postilion, whose caftans and velvet-caps are of the same azure hue, trimmed with silver lace and some kind of pale fur. The four black, glossy horses are harnessed, leaders to wheelers as usual, with traces twice the length of each horse, and which are kept separate by a cross-bar which occasionally trails in the snow. Two footmen are on the foot-board, the broad silver lace on their coats and cocked hats embroidered with the owner's arms. The slave-coachman is a portly and handsome-looking personage, but especially distinguished by a black, silky, bushy beard, as ebony in hue as any Turkish pasha ever dyes this hairy ornament. The beauty and the beard of the coachman is considered essential to the perfection of the Russian equipage this one was won at *écarte* by his present mistress from another lady a few nights ago, or exchanged for a cashmere shawl.

The noble proprietress of this equipage reclines, with her daughters, listlessly in the sledge. There is a pallid languor about all these, which gives them an exotic appearance, if we may be allowed the expression, which no doubt arises from their being confined so large a portion of the year at an African temperature. If not intermingled with Georgian, Polish, or Livonian families, they are sure not to be beautiful, but are never vulgar in appearance; but you must never look into their mouths, particularly after the contrast with the ivory teeth of the grinning coachman present, thrown in relief by his dark beard. The costume of these ladies is always the last Parisian fashion, except that they use the most expensive materials, and prefer the most delicate colours. Some pale tinted satin covers their cloaks, lined through with furs of inestimable value, of which the handsomest part is shown at the collar, the cloak is worth, perhaps, ten thousand roubles.

Whilst speaking of furs we cannot but observe how little they are generally understood in England. Our fair countrywomen are really seen to wear rubbish, which a Russian lady's maid would disdain. This is not because, as is commonly imagined, furs are cheap and abundant in Russia. On the contrary, strange as it may appear, the great mass of furs used in Russia comes from London, and every fur is worth fifty or a hundred per cent. more there than in England. Even the famous Siberian sable is not Siberian, it comes from the Kurile islands in the Pacific, whither the Russian government every other year despatch a vessel or two, which completes the circuit of the world, and returns laden with the production of this distant possession.

In London, one constantly sees well-dressed women with imitation sables, although the real skin does not cost above twelve shillings, the darkest-coloured from twenty to thirty; but the sable of the Kurile islands may run as high as six guineas a single skin, and is seldom under four in price, whilst in the beauty of its long, thick, light-feeling, and dark-coloured hair, there is more difference than in the price. This is the sable used by the Russian dames; but in addition to this, two furs are generally worn in Russia, which are almost unknown in England—the most valuable of all furs—the sea-otter and the black fox. The former is used for officers' cloak-collars, and this narrow strip cannot be obtained under ten pounds, in its most inferior qualities. The black fox is

used for ladies' cloaks and muffs—a single collar of it is worth at least sixty guineas.

The countess or the princess and her daughter converse only in French. Their sledge is now full of the last novels by Sand, Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, and Soulie.

As woman is everywhere, they are more generous and less selfish in disposition than the men, and consequently less servile. They contain all that is Russian and idolize what is foreign—especially what is French. If you could read the secret wishes of those pale girls, what do you think they are? You may feel disposed to believe that at least their thoughts turn on matrimony, but not at all; it is ten to one if they are not lounging or plotting or scheming some plan to get abroad, and take wing away from that vast prison-house—the Russian empire. In this feeling their noble mother fully sympathizes with them, and whilst waiting, albeit in vain, in the hope of realising their dreams, they will go home and repose their full confidence in the French tutor and the Swiss governess.

## ANTI-MATHEW; OR, A CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

BY T. HOOD.

It is utterly in vain to think of stemming the tide of opinion—*taste* it cannot well be called—which in these our days is running, gushing, streaming, and roaring in favour of cold water. Aquarius is the sign of the times. The world is all abroad on an universal aquatic excursion; ducking, dabbling, drenching, soaking, and sousing being the order of the day—which is the wettest day ever known even in the history of this wet climate, thanks to a Mathew and glory to a Priessnitz! Voices now there are heard none, save those of the teetotaler and the hydropathist, which are as the roar of many waters, and comparable to no mortal eloquence.

The waters are out with a vengeance; and what is more, they will soon be out in the sense of exhaustion, if the water-drinkers are not more abstemious, or if the pleasures of the pump are not to be enjoyed in moderation. It is evident from the enthusiasm of the Mathewites (who are not Luke warm,) that men may be intoxicated with water as well as with wine, and that sobriety is by no means necessarily one of the virtues of *aqua pura*. The father of temperance himself must clearly have been more than half seas over before he landed on the British shores. We can only compare his visit to an inundation; and we felt, when we heard of his coming, as if the river Shannon had announced his intention to make the tour of England, and wait on the Thames.

It is comfortable to think that his reverence can only work wonders, and has not the gift of working miracles; otherwise he would turn all our own wine into water,—a transmutation decidedly contrary to sacred precedent, and infinitely more worthy of a Mohammedan divine than a Christian minister.

We have no antipathy to water, although we have the vile taste to prefer claret; we think, as the proverb goes, there is a place for every thing, and of course there is a place for water; there is, for instance, the sea, where there is ample room for it; the beds of rivers, where we engage never to disturb its repose; ponds, where it is a great convenience and satisfaction to fish; tanks in which we promise never to dip our tankard; and the tea-kettle, with which we would gladly live upon terms of good-fellowship, only stipulating that it is not, like an insolent usurper to push the decanter off the table. But water is just now the most intolerant, domineering, intrusive, and encroaching of all the elements. Instead of standing quietly in our ewers and vases, it insists on usurping our glasses, and endeavours to wash the wine out of our cellars.

Having long been dipped figuratively, we are now on the point of being dipped in fact, and besides being over head and ears in debt, we shall very soon be over head and ears in water. While politicians apprehend a national decline, our fear is, that we shall perish of a national dropsy. Britannia rules the waves no more; the waves now rule Britannia, and Mathew "wields his little trident" as viceroy of the waters. These affusions, effusions, and infusions, will infallibly terminate in confusion; the only statesman capable of helping us in this "rainy day" is Mackintosh; and, unless the waters speedily abate, we can only be saved, like Dutchmen, by being dammed. Theologians assure us that men are not to be saved by works, yet here is a school of divinity, of which Father Mathew is the principal, which maintains that men are to be saved, not only by works, but by water-works! The doctors of this school ought to settle at Chelsea, and open their academy in a reservoir. As in a conflagration, people cry—"Fire! fire! fire!" So the shout should now be—"Water! water! water!"

There ought to be formed a Water Assurance Company without delay, and instead of fire-engines charged with water, there ought to be water-engines provided with all manner of combustibles, to be used at temperance festivals, and in all cases of the like inundations.

"Holloah!—there is water at Mr. Dribble's!—Water!—water!—water!"  
"No fire to be had, as usual.—Water!—water!—water! Where is Dribble insured?"

"In the Dolphin—send for the Dolphin water-engine.—Water!—water!—water!"

"Where did the water break out?"

"At the pump."

"No, it was in the cistern.—Water!—water!—Not a spark of fire to be got!"

"Save me!—save me!—I am drowning!"

"I know that voice. It's poor Mrs. Brook; her husband is Secretary of the St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society."

"Which meets at Mr. Dribble's?"

"That explains all; Brook and Dribble are lost; I have no doubt they were irreclaimable; I prophesied their fate six months ago."

"No, no! poor Brook has escaped this time; but with such a drenching as will be a lesson to him while he lives."

"Brook, where's Ford?"

"Ducked."

"And Dribble?"

"Dribble's drowned."

The thought has occurred to us that the late dreadful ravages occasioned by fire in the metropolis may be accounted for by the natural spleen of that destructive element at witnessing the triumphs of its ancient rival, water, in the person of the apostle of temperance. Vulcan was determined to show that he was not to be put down, or rather put out, without a struggle; so that we have narrowly escaped being indebted to St. Mathew for a second fire of London. It is quite clear, that the excessive water-drinking promoted by the reverend gentleman during his mission amongst us diminished the supply of that fluid, when it was so imperatively required to arrest the progress of the conflagrations we allude to. With all his cold water, therefore, we cannot but pronounce his apostleship in incendiary; and we must add our deliberate opinion that the incendiary who keeps a country in hot water is not half so much to be reprobated as the mcen



diary who keeps it in cold water. But as this is the age of compromise, we are disposed to suggest a concordatum between the conflicting principles, and would humbly recommend, as a middle course between fire on one side, and water on the other, a common resort to the liquid which the Indian tribes call *fire-water*! The advantage of this would be, that those who love an innocent tumbler of punch would be reinstated in the enjoyment of that cheap luxury; and the excise would exhibit handsome returns.

"Raising the wind," used to be a favourite occupation in this great city; but raising the water is not the only employment in vogue, and there is nearly as much humbug in the latter as in the former vocation. There is so much pumping at present, that there will soon be no such thing as a secret, and in this respect water may lay claim to one of the established properties of wine. This is perfectly consonant with the two proverbial positions, hitherto thought to be somewhat at variance,—namely, "*in vino veritas*," and "truth is found in a well." Truth may properly be said to be found in a well, since it is notoriously discoverable by pumping, and the Mathewites ought accordingly to be the soundest philosophers of the day; it is their distinctive glory to penetrate to the very springs and drinks at the fountain-head.

We have no objection to drop odours (provided the sweet incense of flattery is spared us,) but we have every objection to "*dropping wine*" in the sense in which the temperance societies propose to drop it. If wine be poison, at least it is "sweet poison," which cannot be said of those essentially insipid potations which the wild Irish are grown so perversely addicted to. Better to die of a grape-stone with Anacreon, than run the hazard of a death as damp and dreary as that of Lycidas;—although the teetotallers would have grudged that hapless youth even the "*watry beer*" on which the poet represents him floating.

Had Mr. John Gilpin been a teetotaller, he would have taken his holiday at Edmonton for the sake of "the Wash," not to enjoy the cheering contents of his "two stone bottles." A party on the Thames now means a party to drink Thames water; and Donnybrook fair is resorted to for the sake of the *brook itself*! Guinness in vain multiplies the X's on his barrels; he will soon be X-Guinness, expelled by the Teetotallers and excommunicated by Father Mathew. The good old Irish usquebaugh (which is Hibernian for *eau-de-vie*) is of less account than ditch-water: the *water* remains, but the *life* is extinct; life in Ireland is now the life of a fish or a water-fowl—a sort of game of duck and drake; the Irish have ceased to be sons of song, and are become, through their aquatic habits, mere studies for a naturalist. Moore ought to leave the concluding chapters of their history to be written by Waterton.

The tranquillity produced by temperance is the very reverse of *still-life*; and the canker in the heart of the country is no longer a *worm*. The *worm* of the still is not the worm that "dieth not," for it is almost at its last gasp, and the distillers are filling their vats with tears, as Milton's daffodillies filled their cups, for want of a more generous liquor to replenish them. We are informed that the popular melody at Donnybrook, in August last, was the "Meeting of the waters."

The only army of water-drinkers mentioned in history was the army of Xerxes, which, the Greek chroniclers assure us, drank a river dry at every meal. No wonder the Greeks thrashed them! Juvenal affects to discredit the story, but we think it an extremely probable one, when we reflect on the fate of the Persian armament.

The ancient philosophers appear to have given no countenance to the water-drinking mania. Diogenes, although a cynic, showed his respect for wine in the choice he made of his abode. No sooner did he drain his cask than he resolved to reside in it for the sake of the bouquet which still adhered to the staves,

Diogenes surly and proud,  
He snarled at the Macedon youth,  
Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because in good wine there is truth.  
But growing as poor as a Job,  
And unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub,  
And lived by the scent of the cask.

Aristotle's convivial character is beyond dispute. He is known all the world over by the name of the *Stagger-ite*, on account of the extraordinary freedom of his libations. His works bear witness to his celebrity as a toper, for they have been *staggering* the learned world ever since they were composed. It has even been remarked that the name of Aristotle rhymes to bottle; but this was probably accidental.

The case of Aristippus is too notorious to require an observation; and as to Socrates, it is as certain as any historical fact can be, that drinking caused his death. He probably acquired the habit of tipping by resorting to the taverns and gin-shops of Athens, to escape the voluble tongue of his lady, who, being a practical hydropathist, usually treated him on his return home to a cool shower-bath,—"*A woman's weapons,—water-drops.*"

It is time for the rivers themselves to feel alarmed, particularly for the interest of the fish, who have dangerous rivals in the teetotallers. A fish out of water is the most melancholy object in creation. Would not a "meeting of the waters" be expedient? The Shannon should of course head the movement, and issue a manifest commencing with "*Rivers, arise!*" The Boyne-water is notorious for its powers of public excitement; but in every part of the island there are plenty of murmuring streams and brawling brooks to get up a most respectable agitation, and there would be no want of the habit of *spouting*, or of the "*torrens copia*." The cause is enough to make a standing pool fluent, and put a puddle in a storm. We do not presume to offer an opinion as to the steps the rivers should take in this emergency; but a "*run on the banks*" will be probably recommended.

A run on the banks, or at least a run to the banks, may be said to be the course recommended by the Irish apostle. We see no objection to the banks, if men would only stop there; but the sight of water makes a teetotaller's mouth water, and he can resist any temptation but a draught of the cold element. This is a frailty which it is very difficult for us to understand, who think the ruby so far superior to the crystal, and would willingly exchange all the waters of the Rhine and the Rhone for one bottle of hock or hermitage from their delicious banks.

It is to be hoped that the waters will soon subside, either through the preaching of some jovial missionary, or the return of mankind from their sober senses. For the present the mania must run its course—which in this instance is a water-course. We must wait, like the swain in the satire, "*dum defuit amnis.*"

It does not rain for ever even at the lakes of Killarney, or in the realms of Connemara. But should the water-king menace us with an actual deluge, we must only resist him to the last drop of wine in our cellars, and then trusting ourselves to some scented hogshead by way of an ark, go in quest of another Ararat, and with a "*hip, hip, hurrah*," from its glorious summit, assert to the last the divinity of the grape.

For the Anglo American.

TO A. C.

Friend of congenial tastes!—to thee I sing  
For cheered by thee my muse first plumes her wing:  
To thee she turns in hope of smile benign,—  
Smile which she craves not from the sacred nine.  
Full oft, indeed, I've cast a longing eye  
Where hoar Parnassus rears his head on high;—  
A longing eye,—yet think not that in heart  
I ever hoped to play the minstrel's part.  
"Why then," you ask, "direct the ambitious gaze  
Where laureled bards enjoy immortal praise!"  
—In sooth, the reason which I urge, is one  
May claim acceptance from the muse's son:—  
Bards and their work I rev'rence ev'n in youth  
I held these sacred prophets of the truth.  
With me the poet was a man whom Heaven  
Had honored with a sacred gift:—had given  
To raise his fellows to that lofty height  
From whence the purified and quickened sight  
Beholds new charms in nature:—sees, above,  
A God enthroned in glory, moved by love:—  
Below, a world framed with such matchless skill  
As speaks the source of intellect—a will,  
To which all nature bows, and owns supreme.  
Such is the poet's calling—such his theme,  
Yet not to this alone is he confined  
Who seeks to guide and elevate the mind.  
O'er all the scenes of life, 'tis his to throw  
The cheerful sunshine, and the healthful glow,  
Which truth and beauty, skilfully inwrought  
In living words, and spirit stirring thought,  
Can give to mortals.—Who then may aspire  
"To build the lofty rhyme," or sound the lyre?  
Does learning give this power? Can wealth bestow  
The skill which bids persuasive numbers flow?  
Can rank? Can station? No. To none of these  
Does nature grant the power to move, to please  
To charm at will; to rouse the dormant mind,  
And make it vie in fleetness with the wind.  
Whence then the gift? I answer, from on high:  
Not of the earth;—it comes but from the sky.  
Let, then, the man who feels the flame divine,  
Guard well his heart—it is a sacred shine.  
True to himself; and to his calling true,  
His be the aim to rank among the few;  
Who seeking glory, and yet shunning praise,  
"Have scorned delights and lived laborious days."  
—May he, at whose request my pen has strayed  
From wonted path, and fruitlessly essayed  
To sport with tuneful numbers—long may he  
Among the muse's votaries honored be.  
Mine the more humble part to herd with those  
Who tread the paths of undistinguished prose.

SIGMA.

Chelsea, New York, Nov. 1843.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE ABRAHAM RAIMBACH.

This handsome volume, containing the autobiography of a man highly distinguished in his art, and therefore well justified in recording the "*appliances and means*" which led to that distinction, though it is not amenable to criticism (being printed for private circulation only) is so full of interesting matter connected with subjects that are attracting great attention at the present moment, that our readers will thank us for laying before them a few extracts from its pages; while its editor—a son of the deceased writer—will not, we trust, complain of our trenching on that privacy which his modesty alone has induced him to covet. We shall make no excuse for choosing our extracts chiefly from the personal rather than the professional parts of the narrative, our object being the amusement of the largest number of our readers, not a critical estimate of the book itself, which is not fairly before us for that purpose.

*Napoleon during his Consulship.*—Precisely at twelve o'clock, the first consul descended the great staircase of the *château*, and, mounting his favourite white horse, and surrounded by a numerous *état-major*, among whom the Mameluke Runstan was conspicuous by his eastern costume, was saluted with military honours, music, drums, trumpets, and the shouts of the assembled multitude. After some preliminary inspection, which occupied nearly an hour, Bonaparte rode up and down the respective lines at a hand-canter, accompanied by his brilliant staff, all glittering in golden splendour. He himself was dressed in a blue uniform, entirely destitute of ornament, plain cocked-hat, white pantaloons, and jockey-boots—boots with tops—and was a little in advance of his company. As he approached the end of the line that was within a few yards of my station, I had a very distinct view of his person; and it made that kind of impression on me that the recollection of it is still fresh in my memory at the moment I am now writing—a lapse of five-and-twenty years. He appeared small in person, *thin*, of a placid, grave expression, and a complexion of a clear, yellowish brown, quite equal and unvaried in colour.

It was impossible to avoid remarking the deep and universal feeling of pride and admiration with which the French regarded their youthful hero—he was then about thirty-two years old, but looked scarcely so much, perhaps from the slowness of his figure.

*Tom Paine in Paris.*—Few men ever had greater influence in their time for good or evil than Thomas Paine. As the able and active disseminator of those democratic and irreligious principles which, though apparently crushed and extinguished,

Still in their ashes burn their wonted fires, and threaten from time to time to set the world again in a revolutionary blaze, this extraordinary man was a subject of interest and curiosity, both in what he had been and in what he had become. He was now a fallen meteor—poor, friendless, and almost dependent for his daily bread upon the casual bounty of some of his compassionate fellow-countrymen. He was at this time constantly to be seen at an obscure *cabaret* in an obscure street in the faubourg St. Germain (Café Jacob, Rue Jacob). The scene, as we entered the room from the street—it was on the ground-floor—was, under the circumstance, somewhat impressive. It was on a summer's evening, and several of the tables were occupied by men, apparently tradesmen and mechanics, some playing at the then



universal game of dominoes, others drinking their bottle of light, frothy, but pleasant beer, or their little glass of liqueur, while in a retired part of the room sat the once-dreaded demagogue, the supposed conspirator against thrones and altars, the renowned Thomas Paine! He was in conversation with several well-dressed Irishmen, who soon afterwards took leave, and we placed ourselves at his table. His general appearance was mean and poverty-stricken. The portrait of him engraved by Sharp, from Romney's picture, is a good likeness; but he was now much withered and care-worn, though his dark eye still retained its sparkling vigour. He was fluent in speech, of mild and gentle demeanour, clear and distinct in enunciation, and his voice exceedingly soft and agreeable. The subject of his talk of course being political, resembled very much his printed opinions; and the dogmatic form in which he delivered them seemed to evince his own perfect self-conviction of their truth. Among many predictions that subsequent events have not verified, he expressed himself quite confident that the Bank of England would never resume cash payments.

*Singular origin of Wilkie's "Distraint for Rent."*—Early in the year (1812) he had decided on trying the success of an exhibition of his works collectively, and for this object engaged a commodious and well-situated room in Pall Mall (No. 87), in which were displayed twenty-nine of his pictures, ten of which were sketches of larger subjects, then also in the room, and seven of the remaining nineteen had been previously seen by the public at the annual exhibition of the six preceding years at Somerset House. The Wilkie Gallery was by far the most popular exhibition of the day, and was attended by throngs, while other pictorial attractions were comparatively deserted by the public. The profits, notwithstanding, were by no means proportionate; as, in addition to the necessary expenses of rent, fitting up, attendants, wages, advertisements, and posting-bills, a most untoward circumstance must be added to the debit side of the account—namely, the seizure of the pictures for rent, due by the person of whom Wilkie hired the rooms to the original landlord. The distraint was regularly made, and some of the pictures (the Rent Day, Village Holiday, &c.) scheduled at a valuation by the broker, sufficient, in his estimation to cover his employer's demand, and a man in due form placed in possession. The broker, as was his duty, put a very low price for greater security on the articles selected, though the sum of ten or twelve pounds for the Rent Day would seem somewhat ridiculous, from excess of caution. This vexatious interference was got over, of course, by the one only method—that of Wilkie paying the debt and costs in the first instance, and seeking his remedy against the debtor by deducting the future rent accruing for the use of the rooms. He was not so great a loser by this event as was at one time feared he might have been; and something may, I think, be fairly set off if the strong impression made upon Wilkie's mind by the occurrence led, as I believe it did, to the production of one of his pictures of the highest degree of excellence—namely, *Distraint for Rent*, which was the subject he commenced immediately afterwards.

*Wilkie in Paris.*—Among the incidental occurrences of this excursion Wilkie's proceedings with the French printsellers should not be forgotten, as strikingly illustrative of the modest and unassuming perseverance belonging to his character. He had taken with him a few impressions of the *Village Politicians*, then recently published, with the view of introducing the engraving to the knowledge of the Parisians, and his method of proceeding was to sally out in a morning with a roll of the prints under his arm, and call at the shops of the different dealers, submitting his merchandise to their inspection. As might be expected, he met with but small encouragement in his painstaking efforts from these patrons of the art on this occasion (strongly contrasting with subsequent success), while his own candour and conscious superiority were displayed in his frank and humorous relation of the circumstances attending each unsuccessful application. The printsellers, not aware of the quality of their applicant, generally admitted that the engraving was not without some merit, but that the subject was utterly unadvised to the refined and classical taste of the French nation, and was evidently only calculated for the *Low Countries* (*Les Pays Bas*). They all, to a man, declined to venture the smallest speculation in the article, though offered them on terms that might have tempted them on ordinary occasions. These negotiations ended, *re infecta*, by some impressions being left on sale or return with a M. Delpech when Wilkie came back to England. Before he quitted Paris, however, he had the satisfaction to hear that one had been sold; the purchaser was leader of the band at one of the theatres, the *Odeon*. The sale of the Wilkie prints in France has since become very extensive.

This volume has sufficient of popular interest to justify its being offered to the general public—the rather that three-fourths of it are devoted to *personal sketches* of the various artists, and other celebrated men, with whom the writer came into contact, during his long and varied career.

### POISON-GAS.

The public are indebted to Dr Walker of Drury Lane, London, for exposing the crowded state of the grave-yards, not only in the metropolis, but in other densely-populated cities. Having published a work containing some alarming facts relative to the evil, Dr Walker succeeded in attracting to it the attention of parliament. The select committee for collecting evidence on the health of towns, made the abuses of burial a branch of their inquiries, and the result of their labours has recently been given to the world.

In every large town, confined spaces have been used for centuries as receptacles for the dead; and still, bodies are daily being added to the heaps, till the earth became saturated with decaying animal matter, and the air laden with fever-productive miasma. Two of the witnesses depose before the committee to having seen burial-yards which they name reeking under a hot sun, with a thick mist distilled from the masses of decomposition, "as if there was boiling water poured over the ground." This mist is nothing less than a gas, which, mixing with the atmosphere, is received into the human lungs, to the detriment of the health of even passers-by but to the speedy destruction of dwellers in the neighbourhood. Desirous of analysing the fatal gas, Mr. Walker procured some through Mr. George Whittaker, an intelligent undertaker, who narrates the experiment to the committee. "I once," says he, "after many attempts, got some gas from a coffin in the vaults of St. Clement Danes. I bored a hole through the lid of a coffin; I then held an India-rubber bottle to the hole until it was quite full. This was from a coffin buried eight years. I tried some time after again, and I was nearly killed." On handing the bottle to Mr. Walker, that gentleman states the stench was so intolerable, that he was obliged to pass it through water, instead of through mercury, not having his process ready; he therefore lost a great deal of it, but it made its way through the hose in two minutes, and actually forced some relatives, who were in one of the highest floors, to run out of doors. This gas differs from ordinary gases, there being animal matter suspended in it. The first bubble that passed through the water left a greasy pallicle on the surface: Mr. Walker was glad to get rid of it, but it made him so ill, that he kept his bed for a week afterwards. It is obvious

that those who have most to do with graves feel the effects of the gaseous miasmata most frequently and severely. Michael Pye, a grave-digger, relates that on one occasion he "struck a coffin accidentally with a pickaxe. As soon as I struck it, it came out the same as froth from a barrel of beer, and threw me backwards, and I was obliged to stand some minutes before I could recover." A few incidents narrated by other grave-makers, are really appalling, being much more hideous than the most extravagant German fiction. Many have lost their lives by the stench, compared with which, says one witness, "a cesspool is rose water." The following extract from the *Lancet* for June 13, 1840, will show the virulent power of the vapour:—"William Green, a grave-digger, while employed in his vocation in the churchyard of St. Margaret, Westminster, was suddenly seized with faintness, excessive chilliness, giddiness, and inability to move his limbs. He was seen to fall, removed home, and his medical attendant sent for. The poor fellow's impression was, that 'he should never leave his bed alive; he was struck with death.' He was subsequently removed to the hospital, where he died in a few days. No hope was entertained, from the first, of his recovery. Mr. B., the medical attendant, was seized with precisely the same symptoms. He was attended by me. I apprehended, from the first, a fatal result; he died four days after the decease of the grave-digger. The fatal effects of the miasm did not end here; the servant was seized on the day after the death of her master, and she sank in a few days. There can be no doubt that the effluvia from the grave was the cause of the death of these three individuals. The total inefficiency, in these three cases, of all remedial means, showed the great power of the virus, or miasm, over the animal economy from the commencement of the attack.\* This demonstrates the destructive influence of the deadly exhalation even when directly encountered.

The virulence of these vapours, and their presence in the atmosphere of grave-yards, is accounted for by the fact, that no soldering up in leaden coffins or external covering whatsoever is capable of arresting their escape. A gentleman-at-arms who attended the embalmed and treble-coffined remains of George IV., states that the smell issuing from the body was scarcely endurable. Neither has time the effect of lessening the strength of the gases. When the republicans of Paris were plundering the royal vaults in the church of St. Deny, a gas issued from the coffin of Francis I., who was buried in 1547, so powerfully destructive, that it nearly killed the depredators. And Mr. Walker states, "that a short time ago, a portion of the old graveyard of St. Clement's in the Strand was dug up to make a sewer, which was much needed in that neighbourhood. One of the men employed struck his pickaxe into a coffin; the body it contained had been buried in the year 1789; the gas was clearly perceptible—it issued from the coffin like the steam from a teapot spout, and the stench was insufferable."

It thus appears that a crowded graveyard is constantly liberating the pestiferous accumulation of centuries, joined with the poisonous vapours of more recent decomposition, poisoning the surrounding air, and helping to disseminate those plagues and fevers which make such continual havoc in crowded communities. Nor is the poison only imparted to the air; it percolates through the soil, and vitiates the springs; so that in many neighbourhoods it performs its rapid work of destruction on the stomach as well as on the lungs.

We place this chapter of horrors before our readers, not for the purpose of harrowing their feelings, but to urge them to encourage the improved methods of burial which have lately been adopted by means of suburban cemeteries. We know it is a painful subject to treat, particularly to those most interested. The sacred associations which cling around the "family vaults," wherever placed, it seems almost cruel to disturb. But to the really reflecting mind, such sentiments—sacred as they are—will give place to realities; and the welfare of the living will be more urgently considered than the notions, merely sentimental, which lead to the improper burial of the dead.

### ON GRECIAN LITERATURE.

Notes of a Series of Lectures delivered before the Under-graduates of Columbia College, New York, by Charles Anthon, L.L.D.

[The lectures from whence the following notes were taken, were delivered by the learned Professor in the session of 1837; they have subsequently been compared and carefully revised by three of the under-graduates who formed part of his well-instructed audience. To the learned these notes will not perhaps offer much that is new, though even they may be disposed to admire the excellent condensation of the subject which is set before them; but to the general reader it is hoped that they will be found highly acceptable, and entertaining as well as instructive; as they give an admirable summary of the rise and progress of Greek Literature, a literature upon which that of modern times is so largely based.]

The principal stream of Greek civilization came in from the north through the country of Thrace. We must be careful, however, to distinguish between the old and new Thracians, the former having been apparently a highly civilized race, the latter rude mountaineers, who drove out the more cultivated inhabitants of the plains, and who are only known in history as a barbarous and lawless people. Among the old Thracians, as they may be called, are to be ranked Olen, Orpheus, Linus, and Musaeus, names all connected in a greater or less degree with the earliest civilization of Greece. The principal contributors, however, to this civilization seem to have been the Pelasgic race, who were probably a branch of the old Thracian tribes. They form the main link in the Indo-Germanic chain, and their language is thought to have resembled very closely the Sanscrit. Another stream of civilization came in from Asia by the way of the Greek Islands, and a remarkable proof of this is to be found in the legend respecting Apollo and the city of Patara. Whether Greece was indebted for any portion of its civilization to the land of Egypt is a point far from being clearly ascertained. The probability is in favour of the negative. If we believe the ancient accounts, however, the brother of Sesostris, when driven out from home for conspiring the death of the reigning monarch, came to Greece under the name either of *Aegyptus* or *Danaus*, but the truth appears to be that if any Egyptian colony ever emigrated to Greece, they must have consisted of the natives of the country, driven out by the shepherd race; and indeed, there are many traces of an influence having been exercised on the early Greek religion by sacerdotal notions of Egyptian origin. The question has often been started whether Greece derived much or little of her civilization from Phœnicia. The latter appears to be the more correct opinion. The Phœnicians would

\* This case is attested by Mr. J. C. Atkinson, Surgeon, Romney Terrace, Westminster



seem to have confined their operations principally to the sea-coast, and to have introduced into Greece merely a knowledge of alphabetical characters, a few commercial terms, some nautical appellations, names of precious stones, &c. The true origin of the civilisation and language of Greece is now referred to the plains of India, or else to some central country of Asia, from which both Greece and India received the germs of improvement. In the case of Greece, this was effected most probably by overland colonies, who may have been the same with what are denominated the old Thracians; and Ritter, a modern German scholar, has brought together many learned authorities to establish the point that those colonies were of sacerdotal origin, and came into Greece by the way of Scythia. Dugald Stuart's theory respecting the origin of the Sanscrit is altogether unworthy so distinguished a writer, and is now remembered by the learned of Europe only to be ridiculed and condemned.

The first great national event in Grecian history is the Trojan war. The true cause of this contest, if indeed it ever took place, appears to have been a claim between two rival branches of the family of Tantalus for the throne of Troy. The account that is given respecting the oath of the suitors may very safely be considered as altogether fabulous, and the Greek tribes would appear to have served under Agamemnon as their liege lord, and the acknowledged head of the great Achaean race.

Bryant endeavours to overthrow the entire history of this conflict on chronological grounds, maintaining, for example, among other things, that if Homer's account be true, Helen, at the time of the Trojan war, must have been old enough to be the grandmother of Hecuba, and that each one of the Grecian warriors must have been more than a hundred years old. Bryant's reasoning, however, is far from being sound in its character, since in order to establish his arguments he takes for their basis the very chronology which he seeks by their means to overthrow. Kennedy, a more recent writer, is of opinion that the Thracian tribes came into Greece by the way of Asia Minor, and that they were colonies from some great race who flourished at an early period throughout lower Asia, and spoke a language either exactly Sanscrit, or very nearly so.

The next event of importance in Grecian history is the Doric invasion, headed by the Heraclidae, which took place, according to the received account, 80 years after the Trojan war. Some modern scholars have a singular theory on this subject. According to them the earlier language of Greece prior to this invasion was very nearly assimilated to the Sanscrit. This cultivated language the Doric mountaineers marred and broke up, and even in Homer's time traces of its fragmentary state are, according to them, very clearly visible. So also they think that there was in Greece an early priesthood who believed in one supreme being, and taught a system very pure in its character, and very closely resembling that contained in the Jewish scriptures. This early religion suffered the same fate with the early language of Greece, the Heraclidae being, according to them, a priesthood that professed the solar worship, and that was hostile, of course, to the system of belief which they found prevailed in Greece. Homer and Hesiod, in a later day, took up, according to these writers, (of whom mention was made in the preceding chapter), the earlier system of mythology in its scattered state, and formed out of it what may be called a ballad-religion, in other words, they brought down its more elevated doctrines to the comprehension of the vulgar, and gave these early cosmogonical fables a more popular character. It is very remarkable also that if we examine the prayer of Achilles to the Pelagic Jove, as given in the Iliad, and the description which it contains of an early priesthood dwelling around Dodona, we will find this class bearing a very close resemblance to the priests of India, as regards many of the ceremonies prevalent among them at the present day. Traces of animal worship may also be found among the early Greeks, coeval probably with the eruption of the Dorians. Thus, for example, Jove is generally represented with the eagle, Juno with the peacock, Minerva with the owl, Venus with the dove, &c. We may even go farther and discover traces of "fetichism," or what may be termed a rude system of Pantheism, by which the Deity is thought to inhabit surrounding objects of every kind, such as trees, stones, &c. A proof of this is apparent in the legend of the Dryads and Hamadryads; and it would seem that at first the tree itself was worshipped, and then a supernatural being was assigned as its inhabitant.

We will now enter upon the more immediate subject of Grecian literature, and will divide it according to the common arrangement into different ages.

The first age is denominated the *Fabulous*, and derives its name from the circumstance of its containing a mixture of History and Fable, in which the latter predominates. The principal name connected with this age are Olen, Orpheus, Linus, Thamyris, and Musæus. They are all called by the common name of Thracians: Olen is said to have written hymns in hexameter verse, of which measure he is said to have been the inventor, and it is also stated that he employed, in composing, the Æolic dialect. Of Thamyris nothing more is known than that he ventured on one occasion to contend in song with the Muses, and was deprived of his sight for his presumption. Orpheus is thought to have flourished about 1250 B.C. He was a pupil of Linus, according to the common account, and a companion of the Argonauts. The tradition that by his lyre he tamed the wild beasts of the forest, and gave motion to inanimate objects, is a mere allegory, and refers only to the moral improvement effected by his strains among the rude tribes of Greece. The works ascribed to him are called "*rezerai*," 28 in number, and an historical poem on the expedition of the Argonauts, a metrical treatise on the secret power of precious stones, a poem on earthquakes, and other fragments. All these productions, however, are now considered as supposititious and the work of later time, especially the hymns, which savour strongly of the new Platonic school. Musæus, according to the tradition, was a contemporary of Orpheus and a native of Athens. We have only a few fragments remaining of the productions of this poet, and even these are to be regarded as of very doubtful authenticity, for it seems that

his verses were interpolated to such a degree by Onomacritus as to make it a very difficult question, even with the ancients themselves, which were the genuine verses of the bard. The little piece called *Hero and Leander*, which has been ascribed to him, is the production of a later Musæus, who is thought to have flourished during the fourth century of our era. The *Sibylline Oracles* must also be considered here. We have eight books of them remaining, to which — Maio has made some very recent additions in the course of his researches among the manuscripts of the Ambrosian library and the Vatican. These oracles may safely be considered as pious forgeries on the part of the early christians; but yet it is not to be denied that there appears to have been a singular claim of traditions in the ancient world respecting the advent of a remarkable personage; and Virgil's fourth Eclogue has often been cited in confirmation of this. The circumstance becomes still more worthy of attention if we bear in mind that Virgil was born in a country where the Druidical system prevailed, and must, of course, have had access to the secret doctrines of that celebrated priesthood. The Sibylline Oracles may therefore, after all, have had some basis in popular belief, which would entitle them to a more favourable reception than would otherwise be the case.

The second age is called the *Poetic*, and extends from the fall of Troy to the archonship of Solon. Prose began to be written about the end of this period by Pherecydes of Seyros, and Cadmus of Miletus. Homer is the chief luminary of this period. Various derivations have been assigned for his name, some deducing it from *ὄμπος*, blind, others from *ὄμπος*, a hostage, he having been given, as it is said, on one occasion as a hostage by his countrymen. The third etymology, which is a favourite one with German scholars, is from *ὄμπος*, together, and *ὄμπος*, to fit, on the supposition that no poet of this name ever existed, but that "Homer" means merely a collection of rhapsodies, skilfully fitted together and formed into one poem. Homer probably was an Ionic Greek, and a native either of Smyrna or Chios. The former of these places would seem to have the better claim, since the hymn ascribed to Homer, and in which mention is made of the blind old man of Chios, is now regarded as a spurious production. It is supposed by many scholars, of the present day, that an Ionic Greek wrote the Iliad, and a Peleponnesian the Odyssey. This opinion is founded on the very perceptible change in both manners and ideas which pervades the latter poem. The German theory has been already alluded to as being opposed to the existence of any such poet as Homer. Its principal advocates are Wolfe and Heyne, the latter of whom complains that the former, an early pupil of his, pilfered the theory from him. Wolfe, however, has the merit of having stated this theory with the greatest ability of any writer on that side of the question. His work is entitled "*Prolegomena*," and, though never finished, still displays his ingenuity and learning to very great advantage. The opposite side of the question has been maintained by numerous writers, but by none, perhaps, with more ability than by Richard Payne Knight, an English scholar, whose work, in imitation of that of Wolfe, is also called "*Prolegomena*," and was intended to be prefixed to a new edition of Homer, in which the digamma was every where to be restored.

The German arguments against the authority of the Iliad may be briefly stated as follows:—1st, that no human memory could ever retain a poem of such length—2d, that if composed by a single poet at that early period, it could not have been constructed without the aid of writing—3d, that we have no proof whatever of writing being known, at that early period, to the Grecian race—4th, that there is no unity whatever in the plan and composition of the Iliad. Hence they infer that the Iliad is composed of different rhapsodies by different bards, in various ages; that the name "Homer," coming as it does from *ὄμπος* and *ὄμπος*, merely indicates the union of those rhapsodies into one poem, and that Homer himself was nothing more than a bundle of ballads skilfully united together.

The Homeric party reply, that memory was more cultivated in Homeric times than at present, and that consequently more was effected by it; that we cannot judge at the present day how far the powers of memory may be carried, since we have too many aids afforded us, and memory with us is seldom put to any severe test; that all early nations, moreover, appear to have had among them long poems handed down by mere reciting, as for example the Gauls and Spaniards; and that similar poems are even found among the Tartar tribes of our own times. They even add that the earliest sanscrit epics appear to have been composed without the aid of writing, and to have been transmitted orally lip to lip; and they have remarked still farther that instances of strong memory have been found in modern times, in the cases of an Italian and a native of Scotland; the former could not only recite Tasso's "*Jerusalem-Delivered*" consecutively, but could repeat any given stanza of any given book, and could repeat these stanzas in utter defiance of the meaning, either forwards or backwards, or from the 8th line to the 1st, and could give the odd and even lines alternately. The second instance is that of a poor uneducated man in Scotland, who could, after a few moment's consideration, repeat any verse required from any part of the Bible, even the obscurest, and even the most unimportant enumeration of proper names not excepted.—Now, argue the Homeric party, if two examples as striking as these can be produced from modern times, and in cases too where the individuals were both illiterate men, what must it have been in former days when poetry was confided to the bards who formed the educated class of their time? Their opponents, in answer to this argument, insist that even supposing the memory to have been thus powerful, still accuracy of composition could never have been obtained by such a process, since the art of writing is, according to them, absolutely necessary for aiding the poet in his composition, and enabling him to retain what he has composed. The Homeric party cite, in opposition to this, the instance of the Italian improvisatore, who can exert their talents upon subjects unexpectedly offered, and can produce excellent poetry, both in language and idea. Sismondi gives a remarkable ac-



count of a female of this class, who could pronounce, on confining herself to the same given rhymes, five sonnets on five different subjects. It must be admitted, however, that these Improvisatores derive very important aid from the flexible character of the Italian language. But the same aid was enjoyed in a still greater degree by the bards of early Greece. This mode of viewing the question saves the Homeric party the necessity of entering upon the question of writing, which appears to be decidedly against them, since there is every probability that writing was unknown to the Greeks when the Iliad is supposed to have been constructed. With regard to the question of *unity*, it may be asserted, with every appearance of truth, that the unity of the Iliad is two-fold, the general object being to celebrate the glory of the Greek chieftains collectively, and its special object to render conspicuous the fame of Achilles. After all, however, we only exchange one difficulty for another, if we deny the existence of Homer. If we suppose the Iliad was the production of several poets, the poets must, of course, have existed at the same or different times. If they all lived at the same period then we have a brilliant constellation of genius in one age and nothing of the kind afterwards, a circumstance disproved by the literary history of every nation. If, on the other hand, they lived at different periods, we are then presented with the remarkable circumstance of many writers succeeding each other without any perceptible difference of style. While the language itself must have been all the time undergoing continual changes. The first writes as good Greek as the last, and what is still more surprising, we have a long train of these writers, and then on a sudden none at all. It may be objected, however, that some critic perhaps united these different rhapsodies into one poem; but if he did, he must either have made few alterations or many. If he made few then we have our old difficulty about many Homers; if he made many he must have been a Homer himself. The best cure, however, for Homeric scepticism is to read the poem itself and we shall rise from the perusal with the decided conviction that it must have been the production of but one mind. Even Wolfe himself makes a singular confession when he informs us that as often as he read Homer without reference to any particular theory it always appeared to have been the offspring of a single mind.

Homer probably was a wandering rhapsodist, a term which has been derived by some from *ῥάπτω* to connect, and *ῥῶμη*, and by others from *ῥάβδος*, a staff. The first of these refers to the circumstance of these wandering bards reciting different ballads, which were connected together by them into one poem. While the second relates to their manner of reciting, the staff being held by them in the hand and moved to and fro as they went through the poem. According to some this staff was notched at the end as an aid to the memory, while others think that they brought it down in recitation for the purpose of marking the metrical ictus, the arsis or stress of the voice always falling in hexameter versification on the first syllable of the foot. From their impassioned manner of reciting, the term rhapsody has obtained this peculiar meaning in our own language, indicating any wild or irregular effusion. With regard to the question when Homer's poems were first brought into Greece, it may be remarked that in the time of Lycurgus connected portions were first introduced, but that the Iliad was not known by the Greeks in European Greece as one uniform whole until the time of Pisistratus. The ordinary belief therefore is, that to this latter individual or his day we are indebted for the present form of the poem. But a difficulty still remains, which it is impossible fairly to solve, since the Iliad shows a total want of Athenian colouring, the only Athenian hero mentioned in it being a very insignificant person.

Hesiod, who is the next in order, marks what may be called the transition state between the Ionian epos and the Cyclic bards, in the latter of whom the historic element began to predominate more and more over the poetical. Hesiod was born at Cumæ in Æolis, but was carried in early life to Ascræ in Boetia, and hence is often called the *Ascræan bard*. The best account we have of him is that which he himself gives in one of his productions. There are, indeed, other lives of this poet but they are not regarded as of much authority, for one of them, in particular, mentions the incredible circumstance of Hesiod's having contended with Homer and come off victorious. He was defrauded of his patrimony by his brother Perseus, an act to which he frequently alludes with great bitterness in the course of his "Works and Days." His poems are—1st, "A Theogony," treating of the generation of the gods. It is a production of great importance for ancient mythology, and it contains some very striking affinities to Scripture. As a poem, however, it may be termed a dry detail, interspersed with a few fine parts, such, for example, as where Jove is described as arming himself against the Titans, and such as gives an account of the conflict between the Titans and the gods.—2d, a poem entitled "Works and Days." By "Works" Hesiod means all the duties of an industrious life. And as rural and nautical pursuits formed in those days the chief avenues to independence, he is hence led to treat of the most auspicious days for commencing them—3d, the "Shield of Hercules." This production derives its name from its giving a description of the shield of the hero, wielded by him when going on expeditions, when going against Cycnus. It appears to have been a part of a larger poem on the subject of ancient heroism, and is of inferior merit when compared with his other works. Hesiod was highly esteemed by the ancients as a poet and a moralist.

The *Cyclic bards* were so called from their treating of the whole circle of traditions and fables connected with some particular event. They may be divided into three classes—1st, the cosmogonical, which treated of the wars waged against the gods, by the Titans and giants—2dly, the genealogical, treating of theogonies and heroogonies—3dly, heroic, celebrating the exploits of the heroes who lived before the Argonautic expedition and those who came after. Virgil is very much indebted to these Cyclic bards in numerous parts of his "Æneid," and so also is Ovid in his "Metamorphoses."

#### ELEGIAC POETRY.

The early *ἔλεγος* was martial in its character and invented by *Callinus* consisting of alternate hexameters and pentameters. *Tyrtæus* appears to have been the most celebrated in this department, although the story of his lameness would seem to be entirely false, and the personal deformity under which he is said to have laboured, to have been merely a figurative allusion on the part of the Athenians to what they were pleased to consider the lameness of his verse, changing, as it did, from the longer hexameter to the shorter pentameter measure. *Tyrtæus* wrote two kinds of martial songs, the one in the Ionic dialect in pentameters and hexameters, of which we have considerable fragments remaining, the other in the Doric language, of which we have only a single fragment. These last were composed in the Anapaestic measure, and are said to have been a kind of battle songs. The first who applied elegiac poetry to plaintive themes was *Mimnermus*, a native of Colophon, born B. C. 590, and surnamed *Ligyrtades* from the sweetness of his poetry.

#### LYRIC POETRY.

This was cultivated especially by the Æolic and Doric tribes, whereas the elegiac was most in use among the Ionians. The models of lyric poetry were found in the Æolic and Doric dialects, and hence, too, we may account for the use of Doric forms in the choruses that is in the lyric portions of the ancient dramas. *Archilochus* is regarded as one of the earliest writers of eminence in this department. He was a native of Paros, and employed iambic verse, but it appears to be incorrect to consider him as its inventor, since the iambic measure was too natural to the Greek language not to have been introduced long before. He made use of this measure for satirical composition, and in this was imitated by Horace in his "Epodes." *Archilochus* was held in high estimation by the ancients, and the Emperor Hadrian informs us, in an epigram which has reached our times, that the muses inspired *Archilochus* with the idea of writing in iambic verse, lest if he had adopted the hexameter he might have eclipsed the fame of Homer. We have only a few fragments of his poetry remaining.

*Alcæus* of Mitylene also enjoyed a high reputation as a lyric poet, but appears to have been a man of very turbulent character. His birth year was B. C. 610. This poet invented what has been called from him the *Alcæic measure*. He is imitated by Horace, from whose odes we may obtain some idea of the versification adopted by the former. Only a few fragments of his poetry remain.

*Sappho* was contemporary with *Alcæus*. She is highly praised by the ancients for the sweetness of her style, and two fragments of her poetry which, together with smaller portions, have reached our time fully establish this character. These two fragments have been preserved, the one by Longinus and the other by Dionysius of Halicarnassus. The morals of this poetess were pure, for the obloquy cast upon her name has arisen from the circumstance of her having been confounded with another *Sappho*, a native of Eresus. This fact has been established by an ancient coin, and also by the testimony of *Ælian*, *Suidas*, and other writers.

#### GNOMIC POETRY

derived its name from its conveying moral precepts in verse, which precepts were termed in Greek *γνώμη*. *Solon* appears to have been one of the earliest writers in this department, and we have some fragments of his poetry still remaining, one of which, a prayer to the Muses, is remarkable for its beauty. *Theognis* of Megara likewise composed gnomic verses, some portions of which are still extant.

#### FABLE.

This species of writing appears to have been of oriental origin, and the parables of Scripture bear some relation to it. *Æsop*, a Phrygian slave, who flourished probably about B. C. 620, is regarded as the first author of fables among the Greeks. Very little is known of him, and that little we obtain principally from Herodotus. He is regarded by some as having been identical with the *Arabian fabulist*, *Lozman*, but for this opinion there seems to be no foundation whatever. The accounts that are given also of his personal deformity seem to be equally incorrect. The fables which we have at present under his name were never written by him. They were merely oral at first, and collected and committed to writing at a later period. *Babrius* versified many of them, and adopted the measure termed *choliambic*, but the bad taste of the grammarians of a later age prevented them from discovering that they were actually written in verse, and induced them to confound his efforts with mere prose.—[To be continued.]

#### EXERCISE; AND ATHLETIC GAMES.

IN A SERIES OF ESSAYS.—BY THE EDITOR.

#### INTRODUCTION.

Within the last few years the disputations as to the best mode of treating diseases and physical ailments has agitated the public mind in an extraordinary manner, and the words allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, and every other term signifying a distinct system of pathology have invaded the general ear or been thrust forward in books and pamphlets. This is all very well, for each may have its peculiar advantages, though none may be exclusively infallible, and in the collision of earnest opinion some important truth must necessarily come to light; besides which, in this corrupt as well as finite condition of human life and action there must be constantly arising cases requiring treatment, and amendment, and therefore the consideration of the best means towards such important ends may well occupy reason and enquiry, and every fresh discovery in the healing art when ascertained to have a sound basis, is a fresh benefit to the community.

But besides the careful enquiry after remedies, may not a portion of the public attention be well occupied in considering what are the best preventives of



indisposition! It is well to know how to restore the wasted physical strength, and to reinvigorate the weakened powers; but is it not well also to know how to preserve that strength and those powers in their vigour and activity? We anticipate a ready answer to this; it is probable that the reply rises spontaneously to many a lip, as soon as the question is asked;—thus, "Yes, temperance and exercise are the best preservatives of health, therefore, what need to make a debate upon the subject?" And hereupon many an unreflecting person will imagine that the gordian knot is unravelled, and that we are hereby stopped short in our proposed lucubrations. But it is not so. The remark only cuts the gordian knot without unravelling it, and the intricacy of its folds are, as far as that remark goes, as much unknown as ever. *Temperance and Exercise!* The former is in the complete power of every human being who enjoys the faculty of reason; yet how is it practised? Every man,—even he that most neglects or opposes himself to it—can and does utter encomiums of its virtue, and tirades against its enemies, yet how little does the preaching avail against the practice! The vice and the sin are tempting, and the consequences however obvious in others are not brought home to ourselves. But the object of these pages is not temperance but exercise. The former does not want for champions able enough and willing enough to do battle in her support; but the latter cannot boast any redundancy of strength; nor are the arguments in her favour very zealously adduced.

We presume that the warm contests against intemperance are partly attributable to the fact that the vice is directly opposed to the divine instructions of our Lord, immediately tending to the depravation of man's noblest faculties, opening floodgates to sin and temptation in the human heart, and bring in the end a sort of suicide both of body and soul. Granted; but if it be admitted that due and wholesome exercise is necessary for keeping the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" there is almost as great culpability in neglecting the means of good, as in doing positive evil, in the case. Leaving, therefore, the cause of Temperance to those who can defend it so ably as many have and will, we shall humbly endeavour to range ourselves under the banner of Exercise.

What is Exercise? This is a question more easily asked than properly answered, although every one fancies that he understands it perfectly. It is not bodily labour, in which the mind has no part; if such were the case the poor breaker of stones on the sides of the highway, the labouring hod man who plies his weary task up and down the ladders, with bricks and mortar, and many an other hard worker in matters neither requiring skill nor design, would have abundance of exercise. But look at its results. He returns home in the evening, his body nearly exhausted with his exertions, his mind weary with the dull monotony of his employment; he may find a portion of that natural delight which is inherent in every husband and parent, not altogether depraved, upon the sight of his wife and children; but his first requirement is food, and his second is rest for his fatigued body and limbs; he is glad to get to his humble place of repose, to prepare himself for the next day's renewal of his exertions.

It is not mental labour, in which the body has no part. Look at the pale face, the emaciated frame, the nervous temperament of the student who eagerly pursues his intellectual sport or his earnest enquiry. To him the refreshing breeze blows heedlessly; to him the radiant sun-beams bring neither gladness nor assistance. The vapours of night and the midnight oil are the accompaniments of his dearest joys, and in these he revels till the mental faculties can no longer bear their tension; he becomes weary without being fatigued, a kind of intellectual collapse ensues, but ready for a fresh inflation upon fresh heat being applied. Nor is the fire of imagination in the poet or the artist, however genial during its glow, to be considered under the hygeian term of Exercise. In the two classes we have considered, the exclusive labours of the body deaden the faculties of the mind, whilst the employment of the mind only is destructive of the physical system.

Neither is the continued labour of both body and mind exercise. The steadfast attention of the latter to the operations of the former may be considered in the light of anxiety, and their joint effect is fatigue physically and weariness mentally. A two fold evil with little to set on the opposite side unless in cases of ultimate successful perseverance, which is seldom a gain worthy of the cost, and the "wear and tear."

Lastly—though it is superfluous to add this—the entire cessation of all labour, bodily or mental, is not exercise. In all cases in which it is not amply repose, it is indolence; a vice which, apparently inactive, is the nurse of many others both energetic and mischievous to a fatal degree.

But thus far we have only declared what Exercise is *not*; we have given its negative description; it remains yet to define it positively, to illustrate its properties, and to enter into a sort of comparison between some of its most prominent varieties and modifications. And here again we must premise that our object does not propose considerations of the mental or the intellectual faculties, but physical and personal exercises, such as shall best conduce to the health and strength of the body, and, as the body and the mind generally act in harmony with each other, thus conducing to the preservation of the best qualities of both.

Physical exercise then consists of a sufficient employment of the muscular system to keep its faculties in play and action without laborious and painful effort; accompanied with sensations of delight and gratification to the mind, produced by the course of action then in progress. It is precisely this combination of physical and mental exertion which produces this most healthy effect on the entire system, and the different species of exercise are more or less perfect according to their approximation to this standard. Not that we would have mankind to weary themselves and lose opportunities for exercise whilst they are devising means of procuring the best, but contenting themselves with the

reflection that they avail themselves of the best which is within their reach, and taking care not to throw away any opportunity which does not affect the prudent and proper concerns of life.

## ON THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

From the Comic Blackstone.

Every gentleman ought to know a little of law, says Coke, and perhaps—say we—the less the better. Servius Sulpicius, a patrician, called on Mutius Scævola, the Roman Pollock (not one of the firm of Castor and Pollux), for a legal opinion, when Mutius Scævola thoroughly flabbergasted Servius Sulpicius with a flood of technicalities, which the latter could not understand. Upon this Mutius Scævola blackguarded his client for his ignorance, when Sulpicius, in a fit of pique, went home and studied the law with such effect, that he wrote one hundred and fourscore volumes of law books before he died—which task was, for what we know, the death of him. We should be sorry, on the strength of this little anecdote, to recommend our nobility to go home and write law books; but we advise them to peruse the Comic Blackstone, which would have done Servius Sulpicius a great deal of good to have studied.

The clergy and the Druidical press were, in former times, great lawyers; and the word *clericus* has been corrupted into clerk, so that the seedy gentlemen who carry the wigs and gowns down to court for the barristers, are descended from the Druids.

A contest sprung up between the nobles and clergy. The former supporting the common law, and the other the civil. Somebody having picked up a copy of the pandects of Justinian at a book-stall in Amali, introduced them to England, but King Stephen would not allow them to be studied. Roger Vacarius, however, set up an evening academy for adults, where he advertised to teach the pandects on moderate terms, but the laity would not come to his school at any price. One thing that contributed to save the common law from falling into disuse, was the fixing of the Court of Common Pleas, which had formerly been moveable, following the person of the King, like Algar's booth or Richardson's show, with all the paraphernalia of a Court of Justice. There is no doubt that the Common Pleas had a van to carry the barristers' bench, the judge's easy chair, and the rostrum for the witnesses, from place to place; but when it became fixed, it made it worth the while of respectable people to study the law, which was not the case when the legal profession was nothing but a strolling company.

To those who take up the study of the law for the mere fun of the thing, we say with Sir John Fortescue, "It will not," &c. &c., down to "other improvements."

## OF THE NATURE OF LAWS IN GENERAL.

The term Law, in its general sense, signifies a rule of human action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational; and perhaps there is nothing more inhuman or irrational than an action at law. We talk of the law of motion, as when one man springs towards another and knocks him down; or the law of gravitation, in obedience to which the person struck falls to the earth.

If we descend from animal to vegetable life, we shall find the latter acting in conformity with laws of its own. The ordinary cabbage, from its first entering an appearance on the bed to its being finally taken in execution and thrust into the pot for boiling, is governed by the common law of nature.

Man, as we are all aware, is a creature endowed with reason and free will; but when he goes to law as plaintiff, his reason seems to have deserted him; while, if he stands in the position of defendant, it is generally against his free will; and thus, that "noblest of animals," Man, is in a very ignoble predicament.

Justinian has reduced the principles of law to three:—1st, that we should live honestly; 2dly, that we should hurt nobody; and 3dly, that we should give every one his due. These principles have, however, been for some time obsolete in ordinary legal practice. It used to be considered that justice and human felicity were intimately connected, but the partnership seems to have been long ago dissolved; though we cannot say at what particular period. That man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness, is said to be the foundation of ethics or natural law; but if any one plunges into artificial law with the view of "pursuing his own true and substantial happiness," he will find himself greatly mistaken.

It is said that no human laws are of any validity if they are contrary to the law of nature; but we do not mean to deny the validity of the Poor Law, and some others we could mention. The law of nature contributes to the general happiness of men; but it is in the nature of law to contribute only to the happiness of the attorney.

Natural law is much easier of comprehension than human law; for every man has within his own breast a *forum conscientie*, or court of conscience, telling him what is right and what is wrong. The judgments of that conscience are infallible, and its decrees are never silent; for it is without an usher—which in this case means a husher—to preserve silence.

The law of nations is a peculiar kind of law, and it is generally settled by recourse to powder and shot, so that the law of nations is in the long run much the same thing as the common law.

But we now come to the municipal or civil law, which is the subject of the present chapter, though we have not yet said a word regarding it. Municipal law is defined to be "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." Such was the definition of Puffendorf—whose name is probably a corruption of *Puffing off*, for he puffs off the law most outrageously whenever he can find an opportunity of doing so.

It is called a "rule" to distinguish it from an agreement, for a rule must be complied with "willy nilly," according to Bacon, or "will ye nill ye," according to Coke.

It is a rule of "civil conduct," because the municipal law insists on civil conduct, particularly from omnibus cads and cabmen.

It is "prescribed" because one is bound to take it, and a very disagreeable pill it sometimes is to swallow. It is one of the beautiful provisions of the English law, that not knowing it forms no excuse for not obeying it. It is an ingenious fiction of British policy that every person in the kingdom purchases every act of Parliament, and carefully reads it through; therefore, there can be no possible excuse for being ignorant of the laws that are made every session.

It is reported of Caligula that he caused the laws of Rome to be written in small characters, and stuck up so high that the citizens could not read them, though perhaps the higher classes, who, it is presumed, could afford to purchase opera-glasses, were enabled to make themselves acquainted with the edicts.

Municipal law is a rule prescribed by the "supreme power in the state," and this brings us to the question of the origin of government. Some writers think that society, in its original state, chose the tallest man amongst them as king.



If this had been the case, Carus Wilson might have disputed the English throne with Mr. Charles Freeman, the American giant. Perhaps the expression in the national anthem, "Long may he reign," has given rise to this very extraordinary theory.

There are three forms of government—a democracy, where the mass take such liberties in the lump, that there is no liberty left for allotment; among private individuals, an aristocracy, which we need not particularly describe; or a monarchy, where one individual is absolute within a certain space, like the square-keeper of a square, which is fortunately the only specimen of pure despotism that this free country possesses.

Cicero thought a mixture of these three the best; but Tacitus, who had better have been on this occasion Tacitus indeed—and held his tongue—declared the idea to be a visionary whim; for he seems to have imagined that the oil of aristocracy, and the vinegar of democracy, never could have coalesced. Tacitus, however, was out, and, fortunately for us, the British constitution presents the mixture in its complete form, and we trust will long continue what it is,—"a real blessing to mothers," fathers, daughters, sons, and wives of Great Britain.

The House of Commons embodies the principle of goodness and purity, as a reference to the various election compromises and bribery cases will manifest. The House of Lords embraces the grand element of wisdom, as the speeches of Earl Coventry and other noblemen will at once prove, while the monarchy is the type of strength, as the fact of the throne being filled by a young woman of twenty-four abundantly testifies. Here, then, in the British constitution is concentrated the cream of everything that it is good, wise, and powerful. Woe to the revolutionary hand that shall attempt to skim it!

We now come to analyse a law. In the first place, it is declaratory; in the second, it is directory; in the third, it is remedial, and in the fourth, it is vindicatory. The declaratory says so and so is wrong, and the directory immediately says it shall not be done, but it sometimes contrives to say so in such very civil and mysterious terms as to leave people in doubt whether they may do a thing or may not, until they find all of a sudden they are put in possession of its true meaning, and punished for not having been able to understand it.

It is remedial, for it gives a remedy. Thus, if you are deprived of your right, you have the remedy of a law-suit, which is a great luxury no doubt, though rather an expensive one.

It is also vindicatory, for it attaches a penalty—and such is the majesty of law, that, whether right or wrong, he is sure to have to bear a portion of the penalty who presumes in any way to meddle with it.

Offences are either *mala in se* or *mala prohibita*; but the *mala prohibita* differ very materially from the *mala in se*, of which many instances could be given. Piracy is decidedly a *mala in se*(a), but a *mala prohibita* is that which is only made criminal by the law. For example, it was attempted to make baking on Sunday a *mala prohibita*, so that a good dinner would in fact have been a *bonum prohibita* if the anti-baking-on-Sunday party had succeeded.

The rules for interpreting English Law are exceedingly arbitrary. Words are to be taken in their popular sense without regard to grammar, which is thought to have been always beneath the wisdom of Parliament. Grotius thought that the penalty on crime was a sort of tax on Sin, which might be defined without regard to Sin-tax. Puffendorf tells us that the law forbidding a layman to lay hands on a priest, (observe the pun, "a layman to lay hands,") applied also to those who would hurt a priest with a weapon, or in other words, "lay into him."

If words are still dubious after the lawyers are called in (and they have a knack of making matters more dubious than before,) it is usual to refer to the context; but this is, in many cases, only to get out of the frying pan into the fire.

Next, as to the subject-matter. The words are always supposed—though it requires a tolerable latitude in the way of supposition—to have reference to the subject-matter. Thus, a law of Edward III. forbids all ecclesiastical persons to purchase *provisions* at Rome, which would seem to interdict clergymen from buying anything to eat within the holy city. It seems, however, that this only has reference to the purchase of "bulls" from the Pope; though it is not unlawful to procure portions of "bulls," such as rump-steaks or sirloins of beef, from the papal butchers.

Next, as to the effect and consequence of words, if literally understood. "It has been held," says Puffendorf, "after a long debate," that when the words amount to utter nonsense, they are not to be in all cases strictly followed. Thus, the Bolognian law enacting that punishment should be inflicted on any one who drew blood in the streets, was at last held (after several medical men had been put to death) not to extend to surgeons who should bleed a man taken in the streets with a fainting fit. But, lastly, the reason and spirit of the law must be looked at (when there happens to be any.) The following case, put by Cicero, is so nice, that we throw it into metre:—

A law there was, that in a water-trip  
Those who should in a storm forsake a ship  
All property should in the vessel lose.  
It happen'd in a tempest all on board  
Excepting one, who was by sickness floor'd,  
To leave the ship their utmost power did use.  
The invalid, who could not get away,  
Was with the wreck of course compell'd to stay,  
And with it he was into harbour wash'd.  
The benefit of law he then did claim,  
But when to sift the point the lawyers came,  
His claim with great propriety was quash'd.

The difficulty of saying what is the meaning of law led to the establishment of a perfectly distinct branch of jurisprudence, called equity. According to Grotius, equity, *non exacte definit, sed arbitrio boni ruri permittit*. Among other *boni ruri*, to whose *arbitrium* equity has left matters, are Lords Thurlow and Eldon; the latter of whom was so exceedingly modest as to his judgments that he postponed them as long as he could, and even when he gave them, such was his delicacy, that it was often quite impossible to understand and abide by them. It has, however, been said that law without equity is better than equity without law; and therefore, though in law there is very often no equity, nevertheless there is no equity that has not sufficient law to make its name of equity a pleasant fiction.

Punch.

#### STATISTICS OF LARGE LIBRARIES.

Of the number of works which have been printed since the year 1450, there exist no sufficient data to enable us to form a certain estimate; and, so far as we know, the Statistical Society have not yet grappled with the subject. The number of volumes claimed to be possessed by the twelve greatest libraries of Europe, is as follows:—The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, in Paris 650,000; Munich,

500,000, of which one-fifth at the least are duplicates; Copenhagen, 400,000; St Petersburg, 400,000; Berlin, 320,000; Vienna, 300,000; the British Museum, 270,000; Dresden, 250,000; the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, in Paris, 200,000; the *Bibliothèque de St Genevieve*, in Paris, 200,000; the Brera library, in Milan, 200,000; Göttingen, 200,000. These are vague numbers, and, be it remembered, not of *works*, but of *volumes*. We may assume with certainty that each of those libraries contains a proportion of its number, perhaps one-tenth, which is not to be found in the other eleven; and we may assume with equal certainty that a vast number of works do not exist in any of the twelve which are to be found in the many libraries of Europe below the number of 200,000. If we take 2,500,000 of works or volumes, to express the number which have been printed—and in our opinion this is far below the actual truth—we find that no library contains much more than a quarter of the books which have issued from the press during the four centuries in which the art of printing has flourished. As there is no published catalogue of any one of those libraries which at all represents its actual state, it is not surprising that such an estimate as we have made should be so vague as it is; but it does surprise us that the amounts of their numbers should also be, as they in fact are, nearly as vague. Whatever difficulty there may be in ascertaining the literary, one would suppose it to be a comparatively easy task to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the numerical amount of volumes—a purely mechanical process. But such is not the case; and it is therefore very difficult to institute a positive comparison between any two libraries. At all times, tens and hundreds have been spoken of familiarly. To what is said of the 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian library, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, we attach just so much faith as we do to the legend of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne. The Göttingen library has been quoted repeatedly by the number of 300,000. We have now before us, in the writing of the librarian, Dr Benecke, that in 1835, though it had 300,000 *works*, it had but 200,000 *volumes* the number which we have used in our statement. The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, at Paris, professes to have 650,000 or 700,000 volumes. Now, we have seen the rooms in the Rue Richelieu, from the ground floor, where the books on vellum, the *éditions principes* and the *incunabula* of the typographic art, are secluded from the profane eyes of vulgar readers, to the show-rooms on the first floor, where the public wander and wonder, and the dismal garrets above, full of masses of unbound and uncatalogued books "in dire confusion piled;" we have also seen the British Museum library, and its well-packed and well-ordered shelves, and we find it difficult to reconcile the relative numbers given with the relative space of each library, and to believe that one is less than one-half of the other. Great allowance must be made for modes of enumeration. If every brochure and every pamphlet, and every volume of every novel, every German thesis, and every one of the 60,000 pamphlets on the French Revolution alone, which the British Museum contains, were severally enumerated, as we suspect to be the case in France and elsewhere, the number would be, perhaps 400,000, an amount which, though large, is still vastly inferior to 700,000. We have lately seen in the newspapers an amusing statement, which we believe to be nearly accurate that the printed books in the British Museum library occupy *ten miles of shelf*. We are not about to give here the mileage, nor the superficial, nor the cubic contents of the European libraries; for even if they were measured or squared, or cubed with tolerable accuracy, their relative length, or surface, or bulk, would be no criteria by which to judge of their relative value. Munich might well afford to part with its disposable 100,000 volumes, rejected even of America, for a portion of the collection of a private English gentleman, Mr. Grenville. Our purpose in mentioning these numerical details is, that our readers may be able to form some idea of what a catalogue of books on a large scale must really be. If the number of printed books and brochures in the British Museum be 400,000, the titles or entries would be at least 500,000. In the first volume of the new catalogue, we find about 1000 entries or titles under the single name of Aristotle.

Quarterly Review.

#### HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lozily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback; there he sits as if he was at home in a chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans. "But I tell you one thing, you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle in his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip!'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried "Jip." Away went the horse at full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the road side; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by driving a cow had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again; he was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all; I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day into the bargain. What would I give to have a cow?" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off the cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that,) I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk; what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched, that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now I will milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into, but not a drop was to be had.



While he was trying his luck, and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long time senseless. Luckily, a butcher soon came by, driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk; she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it! if I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would at any rate, make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you, I'll change and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding by the string that was tied to its leg.

German Popular Stories.

## DISCOVERIES ON THE NORTH COAST OF AMERICA.

The series of voyagers and travellers ending with Ross and Back had established that America did not trend in one unbroken continent to the North Pole, but, whatever islands might exist in that direction, that the mainland was for the most part bounded by a coast line, which in all likelihood extended continuously from the straits of Davis on the one hand, to those of Behring on the other. Still, up to 1836, the perfect continuity of this coast was ascertained, and the map showed two blanks, the one between the 149th and 156th degrees of west longitude. To complete the survey of these untrodden portions, if practicable, and so to establish the existence of a north-west passage, it was determined by the Hudson's Bay Company to fit out an expedition, which should proceed overland, and thereby be untrammelled by the hopeless task of navigating the frozen straits of the Arctic Ocean. Accordingly, in July 1836, orders were issued to Messrs Dease and Simpson, two of the Company's officers; but they did not commence their explorations till the following season. The plan, as detailed in Mr. Simpson's narrative, was as follows:—The party were to winter at Fort Chipewyan, a trading establishment of the Company, about 60 degrees north latitude, and 110 degrees west longitude; and in the summer of 1837, to proceed by boat down the Slave River, Great Slave Lake, and the Mackenzie River, to the Polar Ocean. Having reached the sea, they were to proceed westward to Cape North, and having thus traced the complete coast line in the direction of Behring's Straits, they were to retrace their course and winter at Great Bear Lake. On the breaking up of the ice, in summer 1838, the party were to descend the Coppermine River, and then to proceed along the coast to the eastward; and if they failed to complete the eastward survey in one summer, they were to return to their winter quarters, reascending the Coppermine River in summer '39, and push as far eastward in the direction of Davis' Straits as might be found practicable. Such was the course marked out for them by the Company; we shall now follow them in its perilous accomplishment, as guided by the rapid but interesting narrative before us.

Presuming that the reader is sufficiently acquainted with the character of the Red River Settlement, in 50 north latitude, and 98 west longitude, we shall skip over Mr. Simpson's introductory chapter, merely remarking, that while he spent the autumn there in preparing himself for his perilous adventures, Mr. Dease had gone before to Chipewyan with the men, provisions, boats, and other fittings of the expedition. It was so late as the 1st December 1836 that Mr. Simpson set out on his winter journey for Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca—a distance of 1277 statute miles, through trackless forests, and over snow-covered plains and frozen lakes! The narrative of this journey, which was accomplished in dog-sledges, is spirited and enlivening, and presents a vivid sketch of these wintry regions. Here we have our adventurer joining in a wolf or buffalo hunt on the plains, there careering over a frozen lake on his sledge; here making his "Christmas couch on willow branches, rough, indeed, but rendered smooth by health and exercise;" there facing a temperature 46 degrees below zero—so cold, that his fingers were "literally burned with the sextant while taking the usual observations." This, however, he all endured without a murmur, nay, with cheerfulness; and we find the journey enlivened now by a dance with the Indians, now by a chase after a herd of red-deer, by a encounter with a pack of wolves, or by some of those incidents peculiar to the wilderness, which throw at once their charms around every pain and peril. The features of the country passed over are but slightly noticed by Mr. Simpson. Frozen rivers, lakes, swamps, plains, and forests, succeeded each other—the forests of oak and elm gradually giving place to pine, and these again to mere clumps and coverts of poplar, willow, and dwarf birches. What are called plains consist of a collection of hills and hollows, tossed together in a wild wave like form, "as if some ocean had been suddenly petrified while bearing its huge billows in a tumultuous swell." According to Mr. Simpson, the basis of these plains consists of limestone, and where the surface was exposed, he found "quantities of little shells strewn about in all directions," indicating that at no distant period these prairies have been swamps and lakes, analogous to those extensive sheets of water which still overspread so much of Northern America. The animals met with during the journey were the red and moose-deer, the buffalo, badger, otter, white hare, partridge, owl, and raven: while all the rivers and lakes abounded in fish, which yield a constant supply of fresh and wholesome food, summer and winter. On the 1st of February 1837, Mr. Simpson reached Chipewyan, precisely two months from the day on which he left Red River Settlement.

The winter passed at Chipewyan (which, like other establishments belonging to the Company, is dignified by the name of "fort") presented nothing unusual; and by the middle of April, the weather became mild and pleasant. "On the 13th, there fell a copious shower of rain; on the 17th, the first swans were seen on the south side of Lake Athabasca; and on the 21st, several flocks of wild fowl flew past the establishment. In the woods, the cranberry and juniper disclosed their crimson and purple fruit, so long hidden beneath the snow; the buds of the willow began to appear; from bush and tree a tribe of little birds twittered and carolled in the glad sunshine; the axes of the woodsmen resounded from the adjacent hills; while the numerous Indian tents pitched on the rocks around the fort poured forth a swarm of youthful savages, who gambolled in the full activity of untutored nature." May was spent in waiting for the entire breaking up of the ice, and in completing the outfit of the expedition. And here we may observe, that the party were now on the verge of the true Arctic regions. At Chipewyan all attempts to raise farm produce had proved abortive; but there were never-failing fisheries in Athabasca Lake. The few horses and oxen required for hauling firewood to the place are maintained during the long winter of seven months\* upon coarse grass out in the swamps, and when that

\* It may be necessary to notice, for the information of some of our readers, that the winter in these regions generally sets in about the beginning of October, and that by November, the fields, rivers, and lakes, are enveloped in one universal covering of snow and ice. This state of things generally continues till the following May, when summer ad-

fails, upon fish! The chief food of the natives is dried deer-flesh, pemican (which is pounded meat, inclosed in skins, and preserved by pouring melted fat through it), and fish, generally fresh. At this stage of Mr. Simpson's narrative we are presented with several traits of Indian character, among which may be noticed their insatiable desire for ardent-spirits or "fire-water," as they expressively term it; their improvidence and recklessness during seasons of plenty; their passion for the chase, by which they will destroy countless herds of deer and buffalo, leaving the carcasses to bleach on the plains; and their indomitable aversion to pursuits of a fixed and stationary nature. He also notices many of their manners and customs, with which our readers may become acquainted by consulting the recent work of Mr. Catlin; and dwells upon the many human endeavours of the Company to improve and better their condition.

By the 1st of June 1837, the expedition took its departure from Lake Athabasca; the boats, which had been specially constructed for the purpose, were found to be in first-rate order; the provisions and clothing were abundant; and the men, partly consisting of Scotch, half-breeds, and Indians, were in excellent spirits and condition for the fatigues before them. The downward navigation of Slave River occupied nine days, and on the 10th of June the boats entered Great Slave Lake. The banks of the river were adorned with the bright green of the poplar and willow; the islets and rocks were covered by myriads of pelicans, swans, geese, and other waterfowl; and frequent encampments of Chipewyan Indians were passed, the inmates "squatting like beavers on the muddy banks." At the junction of the Salt River, a party went on shore for salt, when a single mound on the plain furnished them with thirty bags of the finest quality; and the supply seemed to be inexhaustible. By ice and contrary winds, the expedition was detained in Great Slave Lake for ten or twelve days; but by the 25th, the boats were dropping down the bright bosom of the Mackenzie, "the sun tinging the broad waters and the wood-crowned cliffs with his golden hues." Several of the Company's "forts" were touched at during the descent; and after despatching a party to Bear Lake, there to prepare the winter quarters, the main body of the expedition passed onwards, and reached Fort Good Hope, the most northerly of the establishments, on the 3d of July. A curious phenomenon was observed in this region of the Mackenzie:—"Wood-coal was in a state of combustion for several miles on both sides of the river, and these fires seemed to have spread considerably since last described by Dr. Richardson (of Franklin's party). The jets of smoke, issuing in many places from the perpendicular faces of the clayey cliffs, presented a singular spectacle. The combustion had in many places scotched the interstratified layers of unctuous earth, and turned their surface to a lively red colour." During the descent, they had held intercourse with parties of Dog-rib, Hare, Mountain, and Loucheux Indians; but they were now passing the Indian region, and entering upon that of the Esquimaux, who inhabit the whole maritime region of North America, from Greenland and Labrador on the west, to Behring's Straits on the east. On the 9th of July the boats dropped down the western channel of the Mackenzie (for, like most great rivers, it discharges itself into the sea by several mouths), and by afternoon, the Arctic Ocean was greeted by the cheers of the gallant party.

By this time the summer was at its height; there was now no night; the thermometer stood at 78 degrees; and under such favourable circumstances, the expedition made rapid way westwards to the object of their first summer's exploration. On the 23d of July they reached the Return Reef of Franklin, after an arduous navigation along the coast, sometimes threading their course through ice floes and islands, and not unfrequently cutting and shoving their way over these frozen barriers. Up to this point there were few things worthy of special observation. The water was shallow, and subject to a small irregular tide, which rose from nine to twelve inches, the flow setting in from the westwards. Incredible numbers of seals thronged the waters of every bay and creek; and in the sheltered recesses, encampments of Esquimaux plied their summer's vocation as huntsmen and fishers. A good deal of intercourse was held with these "lords of the Arctic Ocean;" but the impression made by their visits was by no means in their favour. They are represented as a more timid and cunning race than the Indians; treacherous, and extremely given to pilfering, which they did in the most barefaced manner, generally laughing heartily when they were detected in the theft. They are expert fishermen, and when seated in their skin canoes, and armed with their spears, they hold undisputed sway over the waters. They are described as tall, and of fair complexion; are generally miserably poor, and live in a state of unenviable filth and freedom. The dog and the rein-deer are their only domestic animals, and sometimes a tame seal was seen playing in the water around their tents. Taking their whole appearance and manners into account, Mr. Simpson is inclined to accept the prevalent theory that the Esquimaux are the descendants of the sea-roving Scandinavian, while the Indians are those of the Nomadic Tartar—two of the most dissimilar and widely-separate races of the ancient world.

On the 24th of July the expedition left Return Reef, and were now beating along a coast hitherto unvisited by European adventure. The same sort of difficult navigation was pursued, now rendered still more laborious by the fogs which began to prevail, and by the extreme shallowness of the bays, which varied irregularly from one to three fathoms water. By and by the ice, which had hitherto been detached from the mainland by the influence of summer, began to advance upon the shore, and by the end of July, presented such a formidable barrier, that, in 155 degrees west longitude, it was found impossible to proceed farther in the boats. In the "sort of progress," says Mr. Simpson, "to which we so frequently had recourse, it must be understood that, except the bowman or steersman, all the crew were out upon the ice with poles, pushing aside and fending off the successive fragments. The advance thus effected was always slow, painful, and precarious; and we considered ourselves particularly fortunate whenever we found a natural channel through the ice wide enough to admit our little boats. These narrow channels were generally very crooked; and when carrying sail, it required the utmost tact on the part of the steersman, aided by the look-out in the bows, and men on either side standing ready with poles, to avoid the innumerable floating rocks—if I may use the expression—that endangered the intricate navigation." The ardent spirit of our adventurer, however, was not to be balked by these impediments; and leaving the boats with Mr. Dease at this point, which was appropriately designated "Boat Extreme," he advanced with a party of five to the westward—accoutred in true Esquimaux fashion, with seal-skin boots, blankets, guns, ammunition, and a light *oomiak* or canvass canoe.

In this style Mr. Simpson and his adventurous little party moved forward on the 1st of August; here, crossing inlets and river-mouths in their portable canoe, there trudging along the beach, and anon "our *oomiak* was turned to windward, and, propped up with the paddles, formed a good shelter; and under it advances with extraordinary rapidity, and continues from four to five months, clothing the plains and forests with a brilliant but brief verdure. During a short time in summer the sun never sinks below the horizon, just as in mid-winter he never appears above it. By bearing these facts in mind, the reader will be better able to understand many of the allusions which occur in the subsequent portion of the paper.



we stowed ourselves snugly away for the night." Cape North, or Point Barrow, the limit of their journey, was reached on the 4th. "The sun was just reappearing a little before one in the morning, when the joyful sight met my eyes. His early rays decked the clouds in splendour, as I poured forth my grateful orisons to the Father of Light, who had guided our steps securely through every difficulty and danger. We had now only to pass Elson Bay, which is for the most part shallow. It was covered with a tough coating of young ice, through which we broke a passage, and then forced our way amid a heavy pack, nearly half a mile broad, that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean spreading far and wide to the south-west, we unfurled our flag, and, with three enthusiastic cheers, took possession of our discoveries in his majesty's name." Thus was one half the great problem solved—the problem which had foiled the spirit and enterprise of Briton for the last three centuries. From Mackenzie River, which falls into the Arctic Ocean, in west longitude 135, there is then one continuous line of coast, trending westwards to Behring's Straits in the Pacific Ocean; and with the establishment of this fact will ever be associated the name of Mr. Thomas Simpson.

Point Barrow is described as "a long low spot, composed of gravel and coarse sand, forced up by the pressure of the ice into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, might be mistaken for gigantic boulders." At the spot where the party landed, it is only a quarter of a mile across, but is considerably wider towards its termination, where it subsides into a reef, running for some distance in an easterly direction, and partly covered by the sea. The tide at Point Barrow set in from the westward (from the Pacific), rose to fourteen inches, and was regular in its ebb and flow twice during the twenty-four hours. Mr. Simpson's remarks on the physical features of the coast between Mackenzie River and Cape North are very curt and rapid; but the following facts may be gleaned from his narrative. The coast is generally low and uninteresting, the beach for the most part consisting of mud-banks, and faced by a border of shingle and gravel only at the points and headlands. Off shore, the water was extremely shallow, scarcely at any place exceeding three fathoms, and thus, during winter, it soon becomes frozen to the bottom, presenting an impenetrable barrier of ice, which is only broken up for a few miles seaward during the height of summer. A number of streams were discovered along the line of coast, and several extensive rivers, among which were the Garry and Colville—the latter being in 131 west longitude, and of such dimensions, as to render the ocean quite fresh for three leagues seaward. Several mountain chains were seen in the distance; but so far as the party had occasion to travel inland, they found the country rather flat, and covered at that season with a very short grass and moss, the favourite food of the reindeer. There was nothing in the form of wood to be met with, except the dwarf willow, the roots of which, together with drift-wood and sea-wrack, formed occasionally a scanty fire for our travellers. The earth was found impenetrably frozen at the depth of four or five inches; not a rock *in situ*, or even a boulder stone, was found, till, in the neighbourhood of Point Barrow, "an angular mass of dark coloured granite" made its appearance. From Mr. Simpson's description of the shingle, which consisted of fragments of granite, gneiss, bluish-green slate, and red sandstone, it seems that the district is primitive, but of this we can only be assured by inland discovery.

Of the natives Mr. Simpson says little, and that little not much in their favour. Some small parties were hospitable enough, and were liberal with their nose-rubbing (their favourite mode of salutation), their fish, and occasionally fresh venison, steeped in seal oil. In general, they were keen to barter, ever ready to pilfer, and on two occasions manifested symptoms of hostility when the travellers were about to embark. "My bowman," says Mr. Simpson, "was in the act of shoving off, when the Esquimaux, nine in number, seized the canoe, with the intention of dragging it ashore. On my pointing my gun at them, they desisted; but quick as thought, they snatched their bows and quivers, expecting to take us by surprise. When, however, they saw our party ready for the combat, they lowered their tone of defiance; and I remarked, with a smile, that, as sometimes happens in more civilised communities, the most blustering turbulent fellow was the first to show the white feather. The rascal's copper physiognomy fairly blanched, and his trembling hand refused to lay 'the cloth yard shaft' to the bowstring, as the others had done. When the threatened fray was blown over, I explained, as well as I could, that the visits and intentions of the whites were altogether friendly; but we parted in mutual distrust." With these exceptions, the natives were otherwise easily managed, and readily parted with boots, skins, or canoes, for small articles of British manufacture.\* Mr. Simpson describes them as more athletic and powerful than the Eastern Esquimaux, and as enjoying a greater degree of comfort; both sexes dress alike, in seal-skin breeches, boots, and jackets; many of them shave part of the head; all wear labrets (lip-ornaments); and not a few had their chins tattooed. They were all expert fishers, and were readily communicative as to their country and its peculiarities.

On the 6th of August, Mr. Simpson's party began to retrace their steps, and in a few days were again re-united to the main body of the expedition. The sun was now setting by 10 o'clock, P.M., the nights were getting longer and colder, and the waters beginning to be covered with young ice. The flight of the geese, swans, and other migratory birds, was now directed inland; and every symptom warned the expedition to winter quarters. Accordingly, they bent their sails for the Mackenzie, and on the 17th of August, again entered its waters. The river had considerably abated since the beginning of summer, and portions of the high mud-banks of the Delta being undermined by the current, were continually tumbling down, thus to be borne further seaward. The ascent was almost exclusively performed by towing the light boats, at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a-day. The climate at this period in the valley of the Mackenzie is dwelt upon with glowing colours by Mr. Simpson; and certainly the contrast between it and that of the Arctic shores, which he had recently left, fully justifies the description. The short summer of these regions was, however, rapidly closing; and by the time the expedition had reached winter quarters on the eastern extremity of Great Bear Lake, "a solitary Canada goose, the very last straggler of the rear-guard, flew past to more southern regions." On the evening of the 23d of September they arrived at Fort Confidence—their winter quarters—thus terminating the first season of their mission, in a manner alike creditable to their own enterprise, and gratifying to those who feel an interest in the progress of geographical discovery.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A STAR-GAZER'S DIARY.

DEAR PUNCH,

Grub-cum-Guzzle, October 10.

My worthy friends, Sir John Herschell and South, have been sorely puzzled, this week and more, by the spots they discovered on the face of Jupiter. Now, I maintain, with all due submission to the astronomical knights, that the case is

\* On one occasion Mr. Simpson exchanged a tin pan for a platter made out of a mammoth tusk! This relic of an earlier world was seven inches long, four wide, and two deep.

as plain as a pikestaff. I think, however, that the best way will be to give you an extract from my Diary on the subject:—

"Oct. 2. Thought I'd have a squint at Jupiter—observed him thro' one of Dolland's telescopes (190 power)—discovered a large spot in his centre.

"Oct. 3. Observed Jupiter again—discovered three fresh spots of a reddish colour on his disc.

"Oct. 4. Jupiter is covered with spots, and his face is red as a turkey-cock's. I begin to have a suspicion of the truth.

"Oct. 5. It is as I suspected—there can be no doubt of it—I'll pledge my diploma to the accuracy of my observations—Jupiter has got the—MEASLES!"

I remain, my dear Punch, yours till death, JOHN STUMP, M. D.

#### Latest Intelligence.

##### IRELAND.

#### SUPPRESSION OF THE MONSTER MEETINGS—ARREST OF O'CONNELL AND THE LEADING AGITATORS.

For the previous three weeks public attention, in Ireland, has been directed to the approaching "monster meeting" at Clontarf, which was announced to be held last Sunday week. The repealers were then to have put forth their utmost strength, and an assemblage was expected, within a mile of Dublin, more numerous and enthusiastic than any hitherto witnessed. Resolutions of the most audacious and undisguised character were to be passed; thousands of repealers from England were expected to add their voices to the shout of defiance to Saxon domination; troops of repeal cavalry were to march to the place of rendezvous in military array; and the perpetual dictatorship of O'Connell was to be sanctioned by the acclamations of half a million of fighting men, determined to "do or die."

But the repealers reckoned without their host. The military arrangements which had been some months in preparation having been complete, government determined on opening the campaign against the agitation. On the Wednesday previous to the day appointed for the meeting, Earl de Grey had an interview with Sir Robert Peel in London; and immediately afterwards, instead of proceeding to Yorkshire, where he was expected to review a corps of yeomanry of which he is Colonel, departed for Liverpool on his way to Dublin. The Earl of Cardigan and other officers also received orders to join their regiments in Ireland without delay. The Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, arrived in Dublin on Friday morning. In the afternoon they were in consultation for some hours with the law officers of the crown. On Saturday morning a privy council was held, which met in deliberation till half-past one. Shortly afterwards the following proclamation was issued:—

"BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND COUNCIL OF IRELAND, A PROCLAMATION.

"DE GREY.—Whereas it has been publicly announced that a meeting is to take place at or near Clontarf, on Sunday the 8th of October instant, for the alleged purpose of petitioning Parliament for a repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland:

"And whereas advertisements and placards have been printed and extensively circulated, calling on those persons who propose to attend the said meeting on horseback to meet and form in procession, and to march to the said meeting in military order and array:

"And whereas meetings of large numbers of persons have been already held in different parts of Ireland, under the like pretence, at several of which meetings language of a seditious and inflammatory nature has been addressed to the persons there assembled, calculated and intended to excite discontent and disaffection in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, and to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the country as by law established:

"And whereas at some of the said meetings such seditious and inflammatory language has been used by persons who have signified their intention of being present at and taking part in the said meeting so announced to be held at or near Clontarf:

"And whereas the said intended meeting is calculated to excite reasonable and well grounded apprehension that the motives and objects of the persons to be assembled thereat are not the fair legal exercise of constitutional rights and privileges, but to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established, and to accomplish alterations in the laws and constitution of the realm by intimidation and the demonstration of physical force:

"Now, we, the Lord Lieutenant, by and with the advice of her Majesty's Privy Council, being satisfied that the said intended meeting, so proposed to be held at or near Clontarf aforesaid, can only tend to serve the ends of faction and seditious persons, and to the violation of the public peace, do hereby strictly caution and forewarn all persons whatsoever, that they do abstain from attendance at the said meeting: and we do hereby give notice, that if, in defiance of this our proclamation, the said meeting shall take place, all persons attending the same shall be proceeded against according to law: and we do hereby order and enjoin all Magistrates and officers intrusted with the preservation of the public peace, and others whom it may concern, to be aiding and assisting in the execution of the law, in preventing the said meeting, and in the detection and prosecution of those who, after this notice, shall offend in the respects aforesaid.

"Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, this 7th day of October, 1843.

EDWARD R. SUGDEN, F. BLACKBURN, FREDERICK SHAW,  
C. DONOUGHMORE, E. BLAKENEY, T. B. C. SMITH.  
ELIOT,

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In a short time after this proclamation appeared, a meeting of the Repeal Association was held. Mr. O'Connell was loudly cheered. He spoke with marked calmness; stigmatised the measure of government as a "base and imbecile step," and submitted the following "counter-proclamation," which was adopted by the meeting, and ordered to be printed and circulated:

"NOTICE.—Whereas there has appeared under the signature of E. R. Sugden, C. Donoughmore, Eliot, F. Blackburn, E. Blakeney, Fred. Shaw, T. B. C. Smith, a paper being, or purporting to be, a proclamation drawn up in very loose and inaccurate terms, and manifestly misrepresenting known facts, the object of which appears to be to prevent the public meeting intended to be held to-morrow, the 8th inst., at Clontarf, to petition Parliament for the Repeal of the baleful and destructive measure of the Legislative Union:

"And whereas such proclamation has not appeared until late in the afternoon of this day, Saturday the 7th inst.; so that it is utterly impossible that the knowledge of its existence could be communicated in the usual official channels, or by the post, in time to have its contents known to the persons intending to meet at Clontarf for the purpose of petitioning as aforesaid; whereby ill-disposed persons may have an opportunity, under colour of said proclamation,



to provoke breaches of the peace, or commit violence on persons intending to proceed peacefully and legally to said intended meeting:

"We, therefore, the Committee of the Loyal National Repeal Association, do most earnestly request and entreat, that all well disposed persons will immediately on receiving this intimation, repair to their own dwellings, and not place themselves in peril of any collision, or of receiving any ill-treatment whatsoever.

"And we do further inform such persons, that, without yielding in anything to the unfounded allegations in said alleged proclamation, we deem it prudent and wise, and above all things humane, to declare the said meeting is abandoned and is not to be held.

"Signed, by order,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"Saturday, 7th October, 3½ p.m., 1843."

A number of persons volunteered to take their stand on the roads leading to the place of rendezvous, to warn off all who might arrive in ignorance; and others were dispatched to the towns and villages around the metropolis, the proclamation having only been issued about 24 hours before the time appointed for the meeting.

The most extensive military preparations were made on the Sunday. The guards at the usual posts in the city were doubled, and the remainder of the garrison (with the exception of a reserve at Aldborough House) were drawn up at Clontarf. The infantry on the ground were commanded by Col. Fane, the cavalry by Lord Cardigan, and the artillery by Col. Gordon Higgins; the whole being under Sir E. Blakeney, commander of the forces in Ireland. There were also about 400 of the county constabulary, with 30 rounds of cartridge per man, making in all an army 3,000 strong. The guns of the Pigeon House, which was garrisoned by several companies of foot and artillery, were also turned so as to sweep the road to Clontarf. No riot or disturbance, however, occurred. Mr. O'Connell remained at home the whole day; and Mr. Thomas Steele, "O'Connell's Head Pacifier for Ireland," rode about in a car, escorted by a number of "gossoons," waving a green branch, and crying out, "Home, home!" This was obeyed by the greater portion of the people as fast as they arrived, and soon after nightfall the neighbourhood resumed its wonted appearance.

On the following Monday the usual weekly meeting of the Repeal Association was held at Calvert's Theatre, the Corn Exchange being too small for the purpose. After an address in a subdued tone from Mr. O'Connell, the weekly rent was announced to be £1105, of which it was stated £600 had been collected that day. The resolutions which were to have been proposed at Clontarf were submitted to and adopted by the meeting. The two following are the most important.

"Resolved, That we, the clergy, gentry, freeholders, and other inhabitants of FINAGL, in public meeting assembled, declare and pronounce, in the presence of our country, before Europe and America, and in the sight of Heaven, that no power on earth ought of right to make laws to bind this kingdom, save the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; and here, standing on the ever-memorable battle-field of Clontarf, the Marathon of Ireland, we solemnly pledge ourselves to use every constitutional exertion to free this, our native land, from the tyranny of being legislated for by others than her own inhabitants.

"Resolved, That forty-four years of devoted and successful labour in the cause of his country, have justly earned for O'Connell, the Liberator of Ireland, the unbounded confidence of the Irish people: and that we, relying upon his supreme wisdom, discretion, patriotism, and undaunted firmness, hereby pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to follow his guidance, under any and every circumstance that may arise; and, come weal come woe, never to desert the constitutional standard of repeal which he has raised."

After the meeting a dinner was held at the Rotunda, at which 1400 persons were present. Mr. O'Connell, wearing his robes as past Lord Mayor of Dublin, took the chair. He was supported by several other members of the corporation, also wearing their robes of office. There was nothing remarkable in the speeches delivered on the occasion.

An extraordinary meeting of the Repeal Association was held on the following Wednesday. A committee was appointed to draw up an address to the people, with reference to the present crisis; and it was ordered that a correspondence should be opened with the Roman Catholic clergy, with a view to the holding of simultaneous meetings throughout Ireland, to petition the Queen to dismiss her present ministers. The address to the people has since been published. It exhorts them to be peaceable, and promises "the certain and not remote restoration of the Irish Parliament."

On the Friday evening following a second edition of the *Dublin Evening Mail* announced that informations had that day been sworn against Mr. O'Connell and others before Mr. Justice Burton, and that the parties would be arrested next day.

The information of the *Mail* proved correct. Mr. Kemmis, the crown solicitor, waited on Mr. O'Connell on the following morning (Saturday last), at half-past nine, when the hon. gentleman was arrested *pro forma*. Mr. Kemmis then handed him the following note:

"Kildare-street, 14th October, 1843.

"Sir—I beg to inform you that I have been directed to take proceedings against you on a charge of conspiracy and other misdemeanours; and I am further to inform you that informations have been sworn against you touching the same, before Mr. Justice Burton.

"May I, therefore, request you will let me know when it will be your convenience to attend and enter into recognizances to appear in the Court of Queen's Bench on the first day of next term, to answer such charges as may be then preferred against you by her Majesty's Attorney-General!—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

"W. KEMMIS, Crown Solicitor."

Mr. O'Connell, on reading the letter, expressed himself greatly obliged to Mr. Kemmis for his courtesy, and stated his willingness and that of his son, Mr. John O'Connell, M. P. (against whom similar proceedings had been instituted), to give bail in the course of the day. Accordingly, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, accompanied by his two sons, Messrs. John and Daniel O'Connell, jun., together with Mr. Cornelius O'Loughlin and Mr. Jeremiah Dunne, town councillors of Dublin, who were to be his sureties, attended at Judge Burton's residence. A few minutes after three, Mr. Kemmis and other law officers of the crown having arrived, both parties were shown into his lordship's study, when Messrs. Daniel and John O'Connell entered into recognizances, themselves in £1000 each, and their sureties, Messrs. O'Loughlin and Dunne, in £500 each for each of the accused, to appear in court on the first day of term (November 2.)

The following gentlemen have also entered into similar recognizances, themselves in £500 each, and two sureties in £250 each; Mr. Thomas Steele, "O'Connell's Head Pacifier for Ireland;" Mr. Duffy, editor of the *Nation*; Mr. Barret, editor of the *Pilot*; Dr. Gray, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*;

the Rev. Messrs. Tyrrell and Tierney, Roman Catholic clergymen, and Mr. Ray, secretary to the Repeal Association. The major of the sureties in these cases are members of the Dublin corporation, the Lord Mayor Elect being among the number, thus identifying that body with the course hitherto pursued by the leaders of the agitation.

Immediately after Mr. O'Connell had given bail, he published the following letter:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"Merriam-square, 14th Oct., 1843.

"Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—I announce to you that which you will hear from other quarters—namely, that I have given this day bail to answer to a charge of 'conspiracy and other misdemeanours,' the first day of next term. I make this announcement, in order to conjure the people, one and all, to observe the strictest and most perfect tranquillity. Any attempt to disturb the public peace may be most disastrous—certainly would be criminal and mischievous.

"Attend, then, beloved countrymen, to me.

"Be not tempted by anybody to break the peace, to violate the law, or to be guilty of any tumult or disturbance. The slightest crime against order or the public peace may ruin our beautiful and, otherwise, triumphant cause.

"If you will, during this crisis, follow my advice, and act as I entreat you to do, patiently, quietly, legally, I think I can pledge myself to you that the peril is not distant when our revered Sovereign will open the Irish Parliament in College-green.

"Every attempt of our enemies to disturb the progress of the repeal hitherto has had a direct contrary effect. This attempt will also fail, unless it be assisted by any misconduct on the part of the people.

"Be tranquil, then, and we shall be triumphant!—I have the honour to be, your ever faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The numerous and varied charges against the accused may be gathered from a perusal of the following warrant, under which the whole of them were arrested and held to bail:

"To ———

"Ireland to wit.—Whereas, ——— of ——— in the City of Dublin, Esq., hath been charged upon oath before me, the Honourable Charles Burton, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, for that he did unlawfully and seditiously conspire, with certain other persons, unlawfully to excite discontent and disaffection in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, and to excite her Majesty's subjects to hatred and contempt of the government and constitution of the realm, as by law established, and to unlawful and seditious opposition and resistance to such government and constitution, and to induce and procure divers large numbers of persons to assemble and meet together, in order by intimidation and the demonstration of physical force, to procure changes to be made in the constitution of the realm, as by law established, and to excite jealousies and hatred between different classes of her Majesty's subjects, and to excite discontent and disaffection amongst, and to seduce from their allegiance, divers of her Majesty's subjects, and, amongst others, her Majesty's subjects serving in the army and navy, and to disturb and prejudice divers of her Majesty's subjects in the peaceful enjoyment of their rights and properties, and to bring into contempt and disrepute the legal tribunals of the country, and to diminish the confidence of her Majesty's subjects in the same, and to assume and usurp the prerogative of the Crown in the establishment of courts for the administration of the law, and to forward the said several objects by various seditious speeches and seditious libels; and also, by contributing amongst themselves, and by soliciting and obtaining, as well from different parts of the United Kingdom, as from foreign countries, divers large sums of money to promote and effectuate such objects; and also, for having on different days and times unlawfully and seditiously met and assembled with divers other evil disposed persons for seditious and unlawful purposes; and also that he excited divers other persons to meet and assemble themselves together on different days and times for the like seditious and unlawful purposes; and also, that he seditiously published divers malicious and seditious libels of and concerning the government and constitution of the realm as by law established, and all such other matters as shall be alleged against the said ——— by her Majesty's Attorney-General. These are, therefore, in her Majesty's name, to command you, and every of you, forthwith, to apprehend and bring before me, or some other of the justices of the said Court of Queen's Bench, the body of the said ——— that he may answer said charge, and be further dealt with according to law.

"Given under my hand and seal this ——— day of October, 1843." ——— (Seal)

No less than twelve counsel were immediately retained for Messrs. Daniel and John O'Connell, among whom are Messrs. Pigot and Moore, late attorney-general and solicitor-general for Ireland, and five other Queen's counsel.

If the defendants are so advised, they can traverse *in pro*, from the next term, there not being 21 days between the period of their giving bail and the sitting of the Queen's Bench. Should such a course be adopted, the trials will not take place for some months.

There was very little excitement throughout the day among the citizens of Dublin, and long before midnight nothing indicated that any thing unusual had taken place during the day.

On the following Sunday there was no appearance of excitement whatever.

On Monday the Repeal Association held their usual weekly meeting. The tone of Mr. O'Connell was more subdued than ever, and from the following extract from his address, it would really appear as though he contemplated abandoning the repeal agitation, and commencing a new one in favour of a federal union. He said:

"In the corporation debate on repeal, he had declared his willingness to accept a federal parliament, and instanced Canada, where such a parliament had done much good. Since then many persons had joined that association, who went no further than a federal union, and he had lately received a letter from a gentleman of high distinction in England on the subject, in which his (Mr. O'Connell's) attention was directed to two points, concerning which the writer believed it to be of the greatest importance that the people of England should have correct information before they would join generally or extensively with that association—(hear.) The first point was, that it should be shown to the people of England that Irishmen, in seeking for the restoration of a parliament to their country, strove only to procure for themselves the management of their own local and internal affairs, leaving matters of national importance to both countries, to be legislated upon by representatives from both countries in the imperial legislature. The next point was, that Englishmen should be satisfied that as they co-operated with Irishmen, so Irishmen should assist Englishmen in their struggle to obtain a full, fair, and free representation—(hear, hear, hear.) He (Mr. O'Connell) would put them in the spirit in which they were put forward, and he told that gentleman that, if a sufficient number of the English people came forward, there would be no difficulty in arranging repeal on the plan mentioned by him."



The rent for the week was announced to be £1232. Nothing of importance has since occurred in Dublin, and but little excitement has been created in the provinces by the late measures of government.

### CHINA.

Intelligence has been received from China by the Akbar steamer, which, having on board Capt. Malcolm, the bearer of important despatches, proceeded direct from Hong Kong by the way of Singapore, Point-de-galle, and Aden, to Suez without calling at any of the ports of Hindostan. The treaty concluded upon last year has been fully ratified by the Emperor, and a tariff of the most liberal and favourable character has been agreed upon between the Chinese commissioners and the British plenipotentiary.

The treaty which the Emperor has ratified is most important, as placing the commerce of two powerful nations upon a settled and permanent basis. Large and important reductions are made in the shipping charges, 8s. 4d. per ton being substituted for a series of arbitrary imposts, which on a vessel of five or six hundred tons amounted to nearly £1000 sterling; whereas now the charge will not be above one-tenth of that sum. Great reductions have also been made in the import duties upon British manufactures and productions. The export duty on tea is fixed at about 8d. per lb., and that upon raw silk is 3 1-2 per cent. A reduction in duty upon British imported woollens has taken place; and that upon middle and superfine cloths has been reduced from twenty-five cents to six cents, or three pence per yard; and that upon other articles, such as camlets and bombazetts, in about the same proportion.

**PROCLAMATION.**—Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., G. C. B., Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c. &c. in China, has the gratification to announce, for the general information and guidance of all subjects of her said Majesty, that he has concluded and sealed with the High Commissioner, appointed by His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of China, to treat with him a commercial treaty, stipulated for in the definitive treaty of peace, signed at Nanking, on the 20th day of August, 1842, and the ratifications of which definitive treaty of peace have been lately exchanged under the signs manual and seals of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. and His Majesty the Emperor of China.

Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c., now publishes the export and import tariff, and the regulations of trade, which have been, after the most searching scrutiny and examination, finally agreed upon; and which tariff and regulations of trade are to be promulgated in Chinese, simultaneously with this proclamation, accompanied by a proclamation on the part of the Imperial Commissioner, &c.

Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c., trusts that the provisions of the commercial treaty will be found, in practice, mutually advantageous, beneficial and just, as regards the interest, the honour, and the future augmented prosperity of the governments of the two mighty contracting empires, and their subjects; and his Excellency most solemnly and urgently calls upon all subjects of the British crown, individually and collectively, by their allegiance to their Sovereign, by their duty to their country, by their own personal reputation, respect and good name, and by the integrity and honesty which is due from them as men, to the imperial rights of the Emperor of China, not only to strictly conform and act up to the said provisions of the commercial treaty, but to spurn, decry and make known to the world, any base, unprincipled, and traitorous overtures which they, or their agents or employees, may receive from, or which may be in any shape made to them by any subject of China, whether officially connected with the government or not, towards entering into any collusion or scheme for the purpose of evading, or acting in contravention to, the said provisions of the commercial treaty.

Her Britannic Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c., will not allow himself to anticipate or suppose that the appeal which he now makes to all her Majesty's subjects will be unheeded or overlooked, by even a single individual; but at the same time, it is his duty, in the responsible and unprecedented situation in which he has been placed by the course of events, to distinctly intimate that he is determined by every means at his disposal to see the provisions of the commercial treaty fulfilled by all who choose to engage in future in commerce with China, and that in any case where he may receive well grounded representations from her Majesty's consuls, or from the Chinese authorities, that such provisions of the commercial treaty have been evaded, or have been attempted to be so, he will adopt the most stringent and decided measures against the offending parties; and, where his present powers may not fully authorize and sanction such measures as may seem to him fitting, he will respectfully trust that the Legislature of Great Britain will hold him indemnified for adopting them, in an emergency directly compromising the national honour, dignity, and good faith in the estimation of the government of China, and the eyes of other nations.

God save the Queen.

Dated at Government House, at Victoria, Hong Kong, this 22d day of July, 1843. HENRY POTTINGER.

### GOVERNMENT NOTIFICATION.

With reference to the preceding proclamation, &c. it is hereby notified, that the new system of trade will commence at Canton on the 1st day of the 17th month of the present Chinese year (the 27th July, 1843;) and that from that day the Hong merchants' monopoly and Consol charges will cease and terminate.

The other four parts of Amoy, Fuchow-foo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, which, agreeable to the treaty of Nanking, are to be resorted to by British merchant vessels, cannot be declared to be open for that purpose, until an imperial edict to that effect shall be received from the cabinet of Peking. This edict is expected to reach Canton early in the month of September, and immediate public notice will be given of its arrival. In the interim measures will be taken for the appointment of consular officers, and their establishments, to the ports in question, in order that no unnecessary delay may take place in the commencement of trade at them; and merchants may make their arrangements accordingly.

The following temporary appointments are made:—

G. Tradescant Lay, Esq., to officiate as her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Canton.

Robert Thom, Esq., joint interpreter and translator, who is present stationed at Canton, as the medium of communication between her Majesty's Plenipotentiary, &c. &c., and the Imperial Commissioner and other high Chinese officers, will assist in the capacity of interpreter in the Consular office.

Messrs. Thomas T. Meadows, and William Meredith, to act as clerks and assistants in the Consol office.

By order, G. A. Malcolm, Secretary of Legation. Dated at Government House, at Victoria, Hong Kong.

22d day of July, 1843.

### GENERAL REGULATIONS

UNDER WHICH THE BRITISH TRADE IS TO BE CONDUCTED AT THE FIVE PORTS OF CANTON, AMOY, FUCHOW, NINGPO, AND SHANGHAI.

**I. PILOTS.**—Whenever a British merchantman shall arrive off any of the five ports opened to trade, viz., Canton, Amoy, Fuchow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, pilots shall be allowed to take her immediately into port; and in like manner when such British ships shall have settled all legal rates and charges, and is about to return home, pilots shall be immediately granted to take her to sea without any stoppages or delay regarding the remuneration to be given those pilots that will be equitably settled by the British consul appointed to each particular port, who will determine it with due reference to the distance gone over, the risks run, &c.

**II. CUSTOM-HOUSE GUARDS.**—The Chinese superintendent of customs, at each port, will adopt the means that he may judge most proper to prevent the revenue suffering by fraud or smuggling, whenever the pilots shall have brought any British merchantman into port, the superintendent of customs will depute one or two trusty custom-house officers, whose duty it will be to watch against frauds on the revenue; those will either live in a boat or stay on board the English ship, as may best suit their convenience. Their food and expenses will be supplied them from day to day from the Custom-house, and they may not have any fee of their own whatever given to them by the commanders or consignee; should they break this regulation they shall be punished proportionately to the amount exacted.

**III. MASTERS OF SHIPS REPORTING THEMSELVES ON ARRIVAL.**—Whenever a British vessel shall have cast anchor at any one of the above mentioned ports, the captain will, within 24 hours after arrival, proceed to the British Consulate and report his ship's papers, bills of lading, manifests, &c., in the consul; failing to do which he would subject himself to a penalty of 200 dollars.

For presenting a false manifest the penalty will be 500 dollars.

For breaking bulk and commencing to discharge before due permission shall be obtained, the penalty will be 500 dollars, and confiscation of the goods so discharged.

The Consul having taken possession of the ship's papers, will immediately send a written communication to the superintendents of customs, specifying the register tonnage of the ship, and the particulars of the cargo she has on board, all of which being done in due form, permission will then be given to discharge the duties levied as provided for in the tariff.

**IV. COMMERCIAL DEALINGS BETWEEN ENGLISH AND CHINESE MERCHANTS.**—It having been stipulated that English merchants may trade with whatever native merchants they please, should any Chinese merchants fraudulently abscond or incur debts which they are unable to discharge, the Chinese authorities, on complaint being made thereof, will of course do their utmost to bring the offenders to justice; it must, however, be distinctly understood that, if the defaulter really cannot be found, or be dead, or bankrupt, and there be not wherewith to pay, the English merchant may not appeal to the former custom of the Hong merchants, paying for one another, and can no longer expect their losses made good to them.

**V. TONNAGE DUES.**—Every English merchantman on entering any one of the above-mentioned five ports shall pay tonnage dues at the rate of five mace per register ton in full of all charges. The fees formerly levied on entry and departure, of every description are henceforth abolished.

**VI. IMPORT AND EXPORT DUTIES.**—Goods whether imported to or exported from any one of the above-mentioned five ports, are henceforward to be taxed according to the tariffs as now fixed and agreed upon, and no further sums are to be levied beyond those which are specified in the tariff. All duties incurred by an English merchant vessel, whether on goods imported or exported, or in the shape of tonnage dues, must first be paid up in full, which done, the Superintendent of Customs will grant a port clearance, and this being shown to the British Consul he will thereupon return the ship's papers and permit the vessel to depart.

**VII. EXAMINATION OF GOODS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.**—Every English merchant having cargo to load or discharge must give due intimation thereof, and hand particulars of the same to the Consul, who will immediately dispatch a recognised linguist of his own establishment to communicate the particulars to the Superintendent of Customs that the goods may be examined and neither party subjected to loss. The English merchant must have a properly qualified person on the spot, to attend to his interest when his goods are being examined for duty; otherwise, should there be complaints, these cannot be attended to. Regarding such goods as are subject by the tariff to an *ad valorem* duty, if the English merchant cannot agree with the Chinese officer in fixing a value, then each party shall call two or three merchants to look at the goods, and the highest prices at which any of these merchants would be willing to purchase shall be assumed as the value of the goods. To fix the tare upon any article, such as tea; if the English merchant cannot agree with the custom-house officer, then each party shall choose so many chests, out of every 100, which being first weighed in gross shall afterwards be tared, and the average tare upon these shall be assumed as the tare upon the whole, and upon this principle shall the tariff be fixed upon all other goods in packages. If there should still be any disputed points which cannot be settled, the English merchant may appeal to the Consul, who will communicate the particulars of the case to the Superintendent of Customs, that it may be equitably arranged. But the appeal must be made on the same day, or it will not be regarded. While such points are still open the Superintendent of Customs will delay to insert the same in the books, thus affording an opportunity that the merits of the case may be tried and sifted.

**VIII. MANNER OF PAYING THE DUTIES.**—It is herein before provided, that every English vessel that enters any one of the five ports, shall pay all duties and tonnage dues before she be permitted to depart. The Superintendent of Customs will select certain shroffs, or banking establishments, of known stability, to whom he will give licences authorising them to receive duties from the English merchants on behalf of government, and the receipts of these shroffs for any money paid them shall be considered as a government voucher. In the paying of these duties, different kinds of foreign money may be made use of, but as foreign money is not of equal purity with Sycee silver, the English consuls appointed to the different ports will, according to time, place, and circumstances, arrange with the Superintendent of Customs at each port, what coins may be taken in payment, and what per centage may be necessary to make them equal to standard or pure silver.

**IX. WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.**—Sets of balance-yards for the weighing of goods, of money weights, and of measures, prepared in exact conformity to those hitherto in use at the Custom House of Canton, and duly stamped and sealed in proof thereof, will be kept in possession of the Superintendent of Customs, and also at the British consulate, at each of the five ports, and these shall be the standard by which all duties shall be charged, and all sums paid to government. In case of any dispute arising between British merchants and the



Chinese officers of customs regarding the weights or measures of goods, reference shall be made to these standards, and disputes decided accordingly.

**X. LIGHTERS OR CARGO BOATS.**—Whenever an English merchant shall have to load or discharge cargo, he may hire whatever kind of lighter or cargo boat he pleases, and the sum to be paid for such boat can be settled between the parties themselves without the interference of government. The number of these boats shall not be limited, nor shall a monopoly of them be granted to any parties. If any smuggling take place in them, the offenders will of course be punished according to law. Should any of these boat people, while engaged in conveying goods for English merchants, fraudulently abscond with the property, the Chinese authorities will do their best to apprehend them; but, at the same time, the English merchants must take every due precaution for the safety of their goods.

**XI. TRANSHIPMENT OF GOODS.**—No English merchant ships may transship goods without special permission; should any urgent case happen where transshipment is necessary, the circumstances must first be submitted to the Consul, who will give a certificate to that effect, and the Superintendent of Customs will then send a special officer to be present at the transshipment. If any one presumes to transship without such permission being asked for and obtained, the whole of the goods so illicitly transhipped will be confiscated.

**XII. SUBORDINATE CONSULAR OFFICERS.**—At any place selected for the anchorage of the English merchant ships, there may be appointed a subordinate consular officer of approved good conduct to exercise due control over the seamen and others. He must exert himself to prevent quarrels between the English seamen and natives, this being of the utmost importance. Should anything of the kind unfortunately take place, he will in like manner do his best to arrange it amicably. When sailors go on shore to walk, officers shall be required to accompany them; and should disturbances take place, such officers will be held responsible. The Chinese officers may not impede natives from coming alongside the ships to sell clothes or other necessaries to the sailors living on board.

**XIII. DISPUTES BETWEEN BRITISH SUBJECTS AND CHINESE.**—Whenever a British subject has reason to complain of a Chinese, he must proceed to the consulate and state his grievance. The Consul will thereupon inquire into the merits of the case, and do his utmost to arrange it amicably. In like manner if a Chinese have reason to complain of a British subject, he shall no less listen to his complaint, and endeavour to settle it in a friendly manner. If an English merchant have occasion to address the Chinese authorities, he shall send such address through the Consul, who will see that the language is becoming, and if otherwise will direct it to be changed or will refuse to convey the address. If unfortunately any disputes take place of such a nature that the Consul cannot arrange them amicably, then he shall request the assistance of a Chinese officer that they may together examine into the merits of the case, and decide it equitably. Regarding the punishment of English criminals, the English Government will enact the laws necessary to attain that end, and the Consul will be empowered to put them in force; and regarding the punishment of Chinese criminals, these will be tried and punished by their own laws, in the way provided for by the correspondence which took place at Nanking after the concluding of the peace.

**XIV. BRITISH GOVERNMENT CRUISEES ANCHORING WITHIN THE PORTS.**—An English government cruiser will anchor within each of the five ports, that the Consul may have the means of better restraining sailors and others, and preventing disturbances. But these government cruisers are not to be put upon the same footing as merchant vessels, for as they bring no merchandise and do not come to trade, they will of course pay neither dues nor charges. The resident Consul will keep the Superintendent of Customs duly informed of the arrival and departure of such government cruisers that he may take his measures accordingly.

**XV. ON THE SECURITY TO BE GIVEN FOR BRITISH MERCHANT VESSELS.**—It has hitherto been the custom, when an English vessel entered the port of Canton, that a Chinese Hong merchant stood security for her, and all duties and charges were paid through such security merchant. But these security merchants being now done away with, it is understood that the British Consul will henceforth be security for all British merchant ships entering any of the aforesaid Chinese ports.

### Foreign Summary.

The quarterly account of the revenue bears out, upon the whole, the favourable anticipations which the rapidly improving state of trade had caused many to form concerning it. The net revenue of the year ending Oct. 10, 1843, exceeds that of the previous year by no less a sum than £4,076,346; the former amounting to £49,346,273, the latter to £45,269,927. The increase on the quarter is about a million and a half. There is a decrease in the Customs; but on the Excise, which is an unerring gauge of the prosperity of the country, there is an increase on the corresponding quarter of £240,000. In the Stamps, Taxes, and Crown Lands Revenues there is also a slight increase on the quarter; but a considerable falling off, both on the year and quarter, occurs in the Post-office department. The principal cause of increase is the Income Tax, the year's amount exceeding five millions sterling. Upon the whole the return furnishes matter of congratulation, as adding another proof to those lately afforded us of the gradual revival of commerce, and consequent improvement in the well-being of the people.

The disturbances in Wales are not yet wholly quelled, but a better feeling continues to manifest itself among the farmers. This is chiefly owing to the concessions made by the trustees of tolls and the lay impropriators of tithes, as well as to the altered tone and manner adopted towards the people by the magistrates. The government, too, is about to interfere in the matter. Friday night's *Gazette* appoints a royal commission for inquiring into "the present state of the laws, as administered in South Wales, which regulate the turnpike roads; and also into the circumstances which have led to the recent acts of violence and outrage in certain districts of that country." The special commission already announced, for the trial of such rioters as have been apprehended, will be opened at Carmarthen on the 25th inst.

The approaching election for the city of London excites great interest. The nomination takes place to-morrow, and the voting the day after. The official declaration of the poll will be made on Monday. Mr. Baring is the conservative, and Mr. Pattison the liberal candidate; but from the speeches and proceedings of both parties it would appear that all other differences are merged in that of protection and free-trade. The Anti-Corn-Law League boasts of 800 paid canvassers in the field for Mr. Pattison, the advocate of the latter; while Mr. Baring, the champion of protection, is supported by a host of the most wealthy merchants and bankers of the city, and by the whole power of the government. Both parties seem confident of victory.

Mr. Cushing, American Minister to China, arrived at Alexandria in the

steamer *Oriental*, on the 10th of Sept. He had an audience with the Viceroy, and left on the same day for Suez, whence he was to proceed to Bombay in the monthly steamer, expecting there to meet the American squadron ready to receive him and to convey him to China.

**NEW CANADA CORN BILL.**—This much-debated measure came into operation on the 10th instant, and, under its provisions, 1s. a quarter on wheat, and about 7½d. per barrel on flour, are to be the permanent duties on the wheat and flour of Canada. There has been a moderate arrival of Canadian flour since the act came into operation, and very considerable supplies are expected before Christmas.

**SPAIN.**—The affairs of Spain continue in a most deplorable state. One military reaction after another—"treachery destroying treason, and mutiny repaying the suborner." The conspirators who overthrew Espartero appear to be quarrelling about the division of the spoils—and our opinion is that if the Regent were to return and plant his standard manfully, as did Napoleon when he escaped from Elba, he would soon gather round him all the chivalry of Spain.

The "Phare de Pyrenees" states that the most alarming reports had been circulated for some days at San Sebastian. These rumours had gained such credit that the new Government had adopted extraordinary precautions in order to defeat any attempt at revolt.

The French Government received on Monday, Oct. 17th, the following telegraphic dispatch:

"PERPIGNAN, Oct. 15.—The fire between Barcelona and the forts continued on the 12th and 13th. A report was current at Barcelonetta the day before yesterday that a popular committee had been appointed to watch the junta.

"Sanz was waiting for reinforcements at Gracia to attack the city.

"Prim, the day before yesterday, suffered the women and children to quit Girona; he was to attack the town to-day at the latest."

"BAYONNE, Oct. 15.—On the 10th the anniversary of the Queen's birthday was celebrated in Madrid. Her Majesty held a grand levee.

"The Queen laid the first stone of the Palace of the Cortes, and reviewed the troops of the garrison. Her Majesty was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

"The city was illuminated.

"Nothing new at Saragossa on the 9th."

**PORTUGAL.**—There has been a revolutionary attempt in Lisbon. It, however, proved a complete failure.

**ITALY.**—The accounts from Bologna, to the 24th Sept., are most contradictory; some say that the troubles were at an end; Cardinal Spinola had asserted so much in a new notification, but the balance of assertions lie the other way.

A letter from Rome states that a diligence had been attacked near that city, by a band of 150 men, armed with English muskets. It is also stated that the same band had attacked several posts of cavalry, and carried off their arms and horses.

**REPORTED ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE POPE.**—A letter from Rome, of the 27th ult., in the *Gazette de France*, says:—"A report has probably reached you of an attempt to assassinate the Pope. The fact is, that a physician, who is a great revolutionist, but driven to desperation by want of money, went one day to the Palace, and, although he has a wooden leg, entered as nimbly as if it was his own house. Being met, and asked who he wanted, he replied that he wished to speak to his Holiness on very urgent affairs. With much difficulty he was induced to withdraw. On reaching the court he fired a pistol, without its being perceived that it was he who caused the explosion. The next day he returned again, and went on until he met Capitanino, the Pontiff's valet, to whom he insisted on being immediately allowed to see the Pope on matters of high interest. His entrance was, however, again refused, and he went away, but he was arrested on leaving the Palace. A loaded pistol was found upon him.

**GREECE.**—Letters from Athens, of the 19th Sept., say that the revolution had not disturbed the tranquillity of the country. Colonel Callegri had been named commandant of the garrison of the capital; and the National Guard had been organized at Athens, and Colonel Macryany named its commandant. The Reformers state that the King of Bavaria had applied to Austria for leave to interfere in the affairs of Greece.

**RUSSIA AND THE CIRCASSIANS.**—Letters from Tiflis of the 10th Sept., contain rumours of the surprise and capture by the Circassians, of a Russian fortress in the Black Sea.

The Russians are building a superb fortress on the frontiers of Turkey and Asia. It is situated on a hill that rises in the midst of an extensive plain, at the distance of half a league from the river Aspathai. The barracks are sufficient to lodge an army of 50,000 men.

**REBELLION IN MOROCCO.**—News from Tangier is to Oct 5th. The entire province of Zemor Cheig had risen in rebellion, the subjects in dispute being the payment of tribute, and the local administration of justice. The insurgents had mustered together a considerable force, and set at utter defiance the local authorities. Towards the end of the month of August, the Emperor collected a numerous army at Mequinez, about 120 miles south of Tangier, and 35 west of Fez, and marched into the centre of the revolted province, where he remained for some time encamped, provoking the rebels by every possible means to an engagement. The boldness of these proceedings struck terror into the hearts of the Zemor-Chelists, and after various skirmishes, in which the efforts of the insurgents were invariably repelled, the Emperor routed them at last in a decisive engagement, slaying numbers, and making many hundred prisoners. His victory was of the most complete description, and the discomfited rebels were unable, this time, to avail themselves of their rocky and nearly inaccessible mountains, which have hitherto been the most effectual shield of revolt. Before leaving the province the Emperor ordered a vast number of heads to be struck off, including those of nearly all the prisoners (according to the customs of Oriental warfare,) imposed many heavy pecuniary fines, and carried off hostages from amongst the most considerable families of the province.

The proceedings of the Emperor were so effectual and decisive that nothing but tranquillity can be anticipated for a series of years.

**INDIA.**—The news from India is not of great importance. There appears to have been more contention in Scinde, and the troops were enfeebled by ill health. A party who had moved out against Shere Mahomed suffered severely from heat; as many as one officer and fifty European soldiers being lost in two days. The last death recorded was that of Lieut. Pottinger, of the 15th Bombay Native Infantry. Ali Morand, a friendly Ameer, had dispersed a party under Meer Ali Mahomed, who had taken up a position at Khyrpore.

Recent disturbances in the Punjab, together with those still existing at Gualior, had given rise to a report, very generally credited, that a large force would be assembled in the cold weather, to be ready in case of necessity.



The Rev. Dr. Pusey has returned to Oxford, with his health quite restored.

The Society of British Musicians held their annual meeting in London in the early part of last month. The gem of the performance was a duo in D major by Mendelssohn, executed by G. S. Bennett and W. L. Philipps.

The Edinburgh musical festival was held last month, and was well patronised. Miss Birch, Miss A. Shaw, Messrs Stratton, Manvers, Philips, Bennett, &c., were present.

Lablache had just undergone an operation on the jawbone, which produced a favourable effect.

The Greenock Advertiser states that a secret expedition has been fitted out at that port, and that several vessels have sailed under sealed orders, which are not to be opened until they have crossed the equator. It is said that the expedition is going in search of an island reported to have been discovered to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope.

In consequence of the late tariff on coals, the American Government has given the Great Western Company notice, that in future it will not allow them the drawback it has hitherto allowed. The consequence is, that the Company have now a clear charge, equal to the first cost, on all coals they send out, besides freight expenses, and ten per cent loss on removals from ship to ship, ship to shore, and shore to the Great Western. This will, we fear, occasion an alteration in the Company's plans by no means advantageous for the public.

MEETING OF THE WEST INDIA MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.—The half-yearly meeting of this company took place last Thursday, in London. It was the most gratifying in its results which has occurred since the formation of the company. The disbursements were £123,706, the receipts £158,048, leaving a balance of receipts over expenditure amounting to £34,000. It was determined, in consequence of the high rate of insurance, (eight guineas per cent.) that that outlay should in future be saved by not insuring. The less hazardous routes which the company are now called upon to perform, constituted, in the opinion of some of the speakers, reason to hope that former losses might ultimately be liquidated.

THE GREAT NORTHERN.—This vessel, which is propelled by the Archimedian screw, and which has long been lying off Blackwall, made an experimental trip on Tuesday down the river. Altogether, the success of the experiment is said to have been complete. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that the Great Northern, which only pretends to use steam as a secondary power, can easily accomplish ten miles an hour. She steers very easily, and turns in double her own length. Sir F. Collier publicly stated the speed of the Great Northern, with 700 tons of coal on board, exceeded the velocity of any steam vessel in the navy except the Queen's yacht and the Black Eagle.

The *Paris Droit* mentions the discovery of a murderous association in the French capital, a sort of European Thugs. One Teppaz had been arrested for a strict robbery, and he made the following confession to the chief of the police:—

"In 1836, I was enrolled among a band of assassins, by a man named Poildevache. When I showed any hesitation to commit violence, my companions kicked and beat me, to give me courage, as they said. One evening that I was watching near the Canal of St. Martin, in company with two others, a man of about thirty-six years of age passed by. One of the band, Rampailleux, having judged by his dress that he had money, seized him by the throat and threw him to the ground. Poildevache then ran forward and seized the legs of the victim, whilst I, by order of the others, searched his pockets. As the victim was making great exertions to escape, Rampailleux drew his knife, saying, 'Wait and I will give you the police-seal;' and he stabbed him several times. He then took the dead body on his shoulders, whilst Bernard held it by the legs, and they then flung it into the canal. The murder having been committed, we went to sup; when Rampailleux used his bloody knife to cut his bread; which made me sick, and I was unable to eat."

Rampailleux and Bernard were speedily arrested; they are about twenty-seven years of age. Piedrol, another of the gang, has since been seized; he is twenty-nine years old, and has passed ten years at the galleys.

A proposal has been made to erect a monument to Dr. Southey in Redcliffe Church, Bristol, his native city.

It is stated in the Mining Journal, that 1400 lives are annually sacrificed by what are termed "mine accidents."

The Duke of Lucca has gone to Vienna to support his son's claim to be the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain.

Mr. Henson and his flying machine seem to be forgotten, but a person named Leinberger has been exhibiting the model of a machine for the same purpose, and is about to construct one of larger dimensions.

A sportsman of the Munchausen school boasting that he had shot 999 pigeons at one shot, was advised to add one when he next told the story for the sake of even numbers. "What!" exclaimed he in great dudgeon, "do you think, that I would tell a lie for one pigeon?"

The Oxford Chronicle states, as its opinion, that Mr. Newman has been induced to resign his living, in consequence of the remonstrances of the Bishop of Oxford against the ultra Puseyite doctrines, promulgated by the head tractarian in the pulpit of St. Mary.

There are at present upwards of 300 masons employed upon the new Houses of Parliament. The works are so far advanced, that Mr. Barry considers it probable that the roof may be thrown over the greater portion, if not the whole, of the main structure, before winter.

WAR-OFFICE, October 6.—4th Regt. of Lgt. Drags.: Cor. J. W. H. Jones, from h.-pay 21st Lgt. Drags., to be Cor., without pur.; J. M. Hogg, Gent., to be Cor., by pur., v. Jones, who rets.; Assist.-Sur. J. Mure, M. D., from the 7th Ft., to be Assist.-Sur., v. Pitcairn, prom. on the Staff. 8th Lgt. Drags.: Capt. G. S. Jenkinson, from h.-pay Unatt., to be Capt. v. G. J. Huband, who exchs. 7th Regt. of Ft.: T. M. Sunter, M. D., to be Assist.-Sur. v. Mure, appointed to the 4th Lt. Drags. 15th Ft.: G. J. Walmsley, Gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. De Montenach, prom. 16th Ft.: Assist.-Sur. B. U. Hamilton, M. D. from the Staff, to be Assist.-Sur., v. Dowse, who exchs. 58th Ft.: T. M. Philson, M. D., to be Assist. Sur. 65th Ft.: Gent. Cadet J. H. Elwes, from the Ryl Mil. Col., to be Ens., by pur., v. Calder, who rets. 67th Ft.: Lt. J. Porter to be Capt. by pur. v. Davie, who rets.; Ens. J. Sivewright to be Lient. by pur. v. Porter; W. B. Forde, Gent., to be Ens., by pur., v. Sivewright. 76th Ft.—Ens. W. H. Barton to be Lient., by pur., v. Saunders, who retires; J. C. Minnitt, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Barton. 78th Ft.—J. Borthwick, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Gordon, who retires. Rifle Brigade—Lt. W. Hale to be Capt. by pur., v. Young, who retires; 2d Lt. P. C. B. Hamilton to be 1st Lt. v. Hale; C. E. B. Baldwin, Gent., to be 2d Lt. by pur., v. Hamilton.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Assist.-Sur. G. K. Pitcairn, M.D., from the 4th Light Drags., to be Staff-Surg. of the 2d class, v. Baird, dec.; Assist.-Sur. R. R. Dowse, from the 16th Ft., to be Assist.-Sur. to the Forces, v. Hamilton, who exchanges.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Oct. 5.—Royal Regt. of Artillery—2d Lient. J. D. Shakspear to be 1st Lt., v. L. Wyne, dec.

WAR-OFFICE, Oct. 13.—1st Regt. of Life Gds.: Cor. J. M. Hogg, from the 14th Lt. Drag., to be Cor and Sub-Lt., v. Colston, who exchanges. 1st Rt. of Drags.: Lt. C. C. W. Sibthorp, to be Capt., by pur., v. Peel, who retires; Cor. W. de C. Elmsall, to be Lt., by pur., v. Sibthorp; H. Croft, Gent., to be Cor., by pur., v. Elmsall. 2nd Drags.: Assist.-Sup J. R. Brush, M.D., from the St. Helena Regt., to be Assist.-Sur., v. Wedderburne, who resigns. 4th Drags.; Cor. E. Colston, from the 1st Regt. of Life Gds., to be Cor., v. Hogg, who exchanges. 8th Drags.: Lt. H. F. Cust, from the 25th Ft., to be Lt. by pur., v. Haffenden, who retires. 9th Regt. of Ft.: Ens. F. P. Lea to be Lt., without pur., v. Layard, appointed to the 38th Ft.: 2nd Lt. R. O'Connor, from the 65th Ft., to be Ens., v. Jennings, who exchanges. 17th Ft.: Lt. W. W. Johnson, from half-pay 41st Ft., to be Lt., v. Harvey, promoted. 20th Ft.: Ens. H. Murray to be Lt. without pur., v. Adlercron, deceased; A. Beatty, Gent., to be Ens., v. Murray. 25th Ft.:—Ens. G. Bent to be Lt. by pur., v. Cust, app. to the 8th Lt. Drag.; Ens. C. Dowson from the 90th Ft., to be Ens., v. Bent. 29th Ft.: Lient. H. G. Colville, from the 39th Ft., to be Lient., v. Corcoran, app. Paym. of the 46th Ft.—34th Ft.: Lient. F. Duff to be Capt. by pur., v. Lee, who rets.; Ens. J. Maxwell to be Lient. by pur., v. Duff; D. M. Fyfe, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Maxwell.—35th Ft.: Serj.-Maj. H. S. Bowman to be Adjt. with the rank of Ens., v. Wheatstone, dec.—38th Ft.: L. A. Layard, from the 9th Ft., to be Lient., v. C. H. Fitzgerald, cash. by the sentence of a Gen. Court Martial.—44th Ft.: W. C. Mollan to be Capt. by pur., v. Halfhide, who rets.; Ens. L. H. Scott to be Lient. by pur., v. Mollan; J. S. Howard, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Scott.—50th Ft.: Lient. G. W. M. Lovett, from h. p. 26th Ft., to be Lient., v. Smith, app. to the 25th Ft.—60th Ft.: Ens. G. B. Jennings, from the 9th Ft., to be 2nd Lt., v. O'Connor, who exchs.—67th Ft.: V. Webb, Gent., to be Assist.-Surg., v. Blakeney, app. to the Ryl. Canadian Rifle Regt.—71st Ft.: C. E. Watson, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Otway, app. to the Scots Fusilier Gds.; Assist.-Surg. A. McGrigor, from the Ryl. Can. Rifle Regt., to be Surg., v. Wilson, dec.—84th Ft.: Lient. C. A. Halfhide, from the 49th Ft., to be Lient., v. Bamford, app. Paym. of the 59th Ft.—85th Ft.: Lient. T. E. Knox to be Adjt., v. Patterson, who res. the Adjt. only.—86th Ft.—Lt. C. Darby, from the 2d Ft., to be Lt. v. Morrow, appointed Quartermaster of the 57th Ft.—87th Ft.: 2nd Lt. R. L. Turner to be 1st Lt., without pur., v. Faunt, deceased; A. H. Quarterley, Gent., to be 2nd Lt., v. Turner.—90th Ft.: J. A. Butler, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Dowson, appointed to the 25th Ft.—91st Ft.: Lt. J. Christie, to be Capt. by pur., v. Blackwell, who retires. Ens. J. D. Cochrane to be Lt. by pur., v. Christie; J. T. Bethune, Gent., to be Ens. by pur., v. Cochrane.—97th Ft.: H. G. Woods, Gent., to be Ens. without pur., v. Kelly, who resigns.—Rifle Brigade; 2nd Lt. J. R. Glyn to be 1st Lt. by pur., v. Morris, who retires.—3rd West India Regt.; Lt. F. W. Lane from the 49th Ft., to be Capt. by pur., v. Tighe, who retires.—Ryl. Can Rifle Regt.—Assist-Sur E. H. Blakeney, from the 67th Ft. to be Assist-Sur, v. McGrigor, appointed to the 71st Ft.—St. Helena Regt.; J. Mullins, Gent to be Assist-Sur, v. Brush, appointed to the 2nd Drags.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE, Oct. 12.—Ryl. Regt. of Artillery—Mjr-Gen. Sir T. Downman, K. C. H., to be Col-Commandant, v. Lt-Gen. Breevor, deceased.

\* Messrs. W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

\* Mr. Jno. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

We have appointed Messrs. Brainard & Co. our sole Agents, at Boston, for the Anglo American.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 a 8 1-4 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1843.

By the Mail Packet *Britannia*, from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston, we have our files to the 19th ult.; the contents of which are varied, interesting, and gratifying. The first thing that we there ascertain is the great and progressive increase in the public revenue of the British empire, which is a most unequivocal sign of the revival of trade and the return to prosperity. It will be seen that the favourable turn of trade took place more than a year ago, since when a regular upward progress has been in course, and the very surplus of the present year over its predecessor would be considered no bad revenue for some small state. This last, amounting to twenty millions of dollars, will shew at a glance the mighty resources of the British nation when once an opportunity is given for calling them forth.

But although every good heart will rejoice in the national prosperity of a people with whom it is in amity, it is not on that account solely that we find matter of gratification. Great Britain is essentially a "nation of shop-keepers," and, with increasing wealth and more expansive fields of action, she gives as well as receives benefit. The approach towards "the good old times" of commerce will give additional energy to her enterprise, and additional confidence to the minds of those who are engaged in commercial pursuits; the mighty pulsation at the centre will be felt to the utmost verge of the realms of commerce, and all will—or at least may—participate in the good which she can communicate. We anticipate, during the next session of Parliament, several important modifications in the tariffs, leading to approximations towards Free Trade; but let us not be misunderstood as advocating the last-mentioned system in the widest sense of its meaning, nor that we would desire great and sudden innovations upon principles at present established. We hope to see Trade disencumbered of shackles, but not at the imminent risk of ruin to any country; we hope to see ameliorations made in the trading system, but not with the haste and rapidity which would unsettle and embarrass trading speculations. It has been asserted that Great Britain has hitherto been the principal bar to a better establishment of these things; we do not think so, but, setting aside the question, we do think a field of action has just been thrown open to her which will allow



her to act *liberally* towards all nations in commercial affairs. This field is the China trade.

The intelligence of the Celestial Emperor's ratification of the treaty has arrived in England, together with copies of Sir Henry Pottinger's proclamation, and of his present regulations for the conduct of trade with the five Ports of China. It is pleasing to observe the vigour with which the Plenipotentiary carries out the stipulations and agreements, and the praiseworthy strictness with which he desires to co-operate with the Chinese authorities, in preventing abuses, illegalities, or any other conduct which may interfere with the friendly relations and confidence intended to be established. By his firmness he has been able to effect a tariff which has given much satisfaction at home; and indeed it seems that the British manufacturers and merchants must, from the first, have had a great opinion of his ability for his responsible and important office, for they have anticipated his final success, and large quantities of British commodities were ready for the Chinese market at the very moment when the treaty was to go into effect. The recent Cotton sales, so important to the American community, are of course partly attributable to this favourable prospect in British commerce; the sale of 91,000 bales in one week, at an advance of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb., is a promising feature; the operation of the tariff in Canadian flour is another; and, in brief, the present aspect of affairs in Great Britain is one in which all may rejoice, since her present prosperous condition takes nothing from that of others, but may tend to add thereto.

The Welsh disturbances unhappily continue, but government will presently have nothing to divide its attention from the settlement of that agitation, as that of Ireland is over, all but the froth and scum which remains after the storm. Ministers have taken the proper stand at the proper time, and the matter crumbles into dust.

Spain and Portugal continue in much the same state as at previous advices; in the former, however, it is thought that there is a tendency towards greater tranquillity than of late.

#### IRISH REPEAL.

*Irish Repeal!* The bubble has burst, as we expected, and in the very manner we prognosticated. By the prudent management of the British Government every thing was made secure in quarters that might be dangerous, and nothing remained but to watch the motions of the demagogue and his followers. So long as he kept within the pale of the law he might bluster, threaten, or insinuate, to his heart's content. He could not do harm, unless to himself; and this he would be likely to do, because the suspended eagerness of violent excitement is always likely to create re-action. But evidently it was intended to crush him the very moment he stepped beyond legal bounds, so as to furnish a good tangible reason for checking him. This last has been done; informations have been filed against him and certain of his adherents, and so little apprehensive have the authorities been, of carrying out legal action against him, that they were not even at the trouble of sending a civil force to assist in the process. They are formally notified of the informations, and are civilly invited to come and give the necessary bail. The bail itself in each case is so small as to evince the little anxiety which is felt with regard to the defendants.

The Government then, in its own good time, has taken the matter formally in hand; and the subject is likely to furnish much food for gossip. One of the first considerations seems to be, why did not ministers adopt this course much earlier, seeing, as it is averred, that much agitation would have been saved, much clamour prevented, much money kept at home in quarters where it could ill be spared. The answer seems to us simple enough. So long as the Repealers and their agitator kept within legal bounds in action and formal profession—no matter how plainly persons might imagine themselves to perceive the ulterior object—so long they were exempt from any hostile action of the government. It was the direct duty of the latter to watch with vigilance the proceedings of agitation, to take quiet but effective steps for assisting the powers of the executive, should circumstances require their interference, and even then to feel certain of their ground before they interpose in a manner which, if *not successful*, might give great additional strength to the adversary, and materially weaken the authority of government itself. And is not this precisely the course which has been adopted? Is it not manifest that, of late, whosoever the authorities should find occasion to act, they could act effectively? This was not the case in the beginning of the disturbances, whilst the latter were but in an incipient state, and in part had not proceeded to any illegal lengths. Latterly they had proceeded to resolutions and measures, the legality of which, to say the best of it, was debatable; but when the Monster meeting was called, for assembly at Clontarf, the proposed array, and the terms in which the instructions were couched, were so evidently martial, seditious in their tendency, and so directly subversive of the public peace, that the authorities at once saw themselves justified in acting, and were conscious that further delay would be dangerous. The meeting was forbidden and the government gave evidence of its ability to enforce its proclamation.

But why delay the proclamation till so late that blood might have been shed? We fancy that many good reasons might be given for this. In the first place the Lord Lieutenant was temporarily across the channel at the time the notice of meeting at Clontarf was made public, (30th Sept. ;) on hearing of it he immediately returned to Dublin, where he arrived on the 6th October; he promptly held a council on the subject, and the proclamation was out on the 7th, at least early enough for the agitator to issue a flippant and very absurd counter-proclamation, as well as to forward the necessary means to prevent a meeting which he too late discovered was a fatal one to all his schemes and machinations. In the second place, probably, it was to shew to the people how really imbecile was their Agitator for the great purpose which he professed, how small was the courage and resolution really possessed by him as compared with his

magnificent declamation, his insulting and vulgar abuse of better men, and with the rapidity which his boastings included of completing his great project. In the third place it might be to shew *him* how easy it was for constituted authority, prudently exerted, to blow his schemes into the air, and to disperse his adherents as sheep without a shepherd; and fourthly, it might be intended to be thrown in just at the period when the deluded people *one half* weary with listening to speeches and promises which seemed to be but "*vox et proterea nihil*," and paying, paying, out of their miserable scrapings, for mere breath and visionary prospects, were the *other half* inclined to return home and make the best of a bad bargain.

There are those, we must confess, who say that O'Connell has *sold* the people of Ireland, that he has made his peace with the government and is to "*back out*" of the scrape in the plausible manner for which he is so celebrated; but with all our doubts of both his honesty and his courage, our notions of him do not proceed to such a length. He is only entangled in his own meshes, judging, as in truth he had some right to judge, that no man knew better how to "*toe the mark*" than himself. He has inadvertently passed beyond the magic circle, and his watchful demon has made a prey of him. It is the true melo-drama of the German school, save that he has made a slip in his conjurations.

And how does the great man bear this important check—which is evidently his precursor of check-mate? He writes and he addresses in a style of the purest loyalty, without so much as a hint at physical force *now*. He no longer insists upon an *independent* Parliament, but will be satisfied with a dependent one; in short his present style is the very antipodes of his speeches at the monster meeting; and to sum up all, we consider Mr. O'Connell and his plans to have nearly run their political career.

\* \* Upon further researches into the latest intelligence concerning the Irish Repeal movements we perceive an *awful denunciation* put forth by the Agitator! What do our readers think it is? Even that he, Mr. O'Connell is about to commence an action at law against every person who put his name to the Proclamation against the Clontarf meeting. Here is a puddle in a storm! It reminds us of a certain aquatic animal which, when in danger of an attack, makes a fearful commotion, stirring up the dirt and mud until it is no longer perceptible, and in the midst of this troubling of the waters expects to make *an escape*. But what says one Mr. Burchell, a friend of the good Dr. Primrose? "*Fudge!*"

It affords a most cheering prospect to commerce to perceive that the British revenue for the year 1843, up to the 10th ult., presents an increase of four millions sterling over that of the year immediately preceding, and that of the quarter ending the 10th ult., is a million and a half sterling greater than that of the corresponding quarter of the previous year. What is still better is, that this great augmentation arises chiefly from tax on income, not on capital. The indications of returning prosperity and vigorous commercial enterprise are of the most flattering nature; and the ratification of the treaty with China accompanied by a favourable tariff has opened channels for the encouragement of industry and the prosperity of trade, which brighten every visage. The home crops also have been greatly blessed by the bounty of Providence.—May people be thankful!

#### ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The claims upon the funds of this excellent benevolent Institution are annually augmented, and it is to be regretted that, although the subscriptions increase also, yet they do not keep pace with the increasing amount of necessity brought about by continued immigration and the misfortunes to which strangers are peculiarly liable. In aid of their charitable funds therefore the St. George's Society of this city have occasionally recourse to some entertainment, such as a Concert, or a Ball, by the sale of tickets for which they are able by good management to realise a surplus for charitable purposes, after defraying the expenses of the amusement. Last winter the Society gave a Ball in elegant style, and were fortunate enough to assist the funds in a considerable degree from the proceeds; and they were so greatly encouraged by the success of that undertaking—the first they had attempted of that nature—that we understand they purpose to get up another in splendid style, and with the utmost care with respect to admissions. We are informed that the tickets, the price of which is not yet fixed, will include *The Ball and Supper* to the visitors; and that the managers and those who shall have the sale of tickets will be expected strictly to enquire the propriety and respectability of those who purchase, as well as use other means to render the Ball in every respect an elegant, fashionable, and satisfactory entertainment. The Saloons where it will take place, the price of tickets, and the time of occurrence will be settled in a few days when we shall take pleasure in speaking of this most benevolent object more largely. It is believed, however, that the time will be somewhat in the neighbourhood of Christmas, and, if possible, before the New Year.

\* \* We have just been able to satisfy ourselves that the above is substantially correct, and that the Ball and Supper will take place at Niblo's Saloon on Friday evening the 29th Dec. ensuing. Tickets eight dollars each, to include a gentleman and two ladies, may be had of the Committee in a few days.

#### CANADA.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31st, 1843.

Dear Sir,—Since I last wrote you I have visited the antiquated city of Quebec. I went in the splendid new steamer Montreal, which, for comfort and accommodation, cannot easily be surpassed. She is a beautiful model and of great speed. The fares this year are remarkably low, say \$1.50, including meals, for a distance of 180 miles, which they run in about 9 hours.

All is now bustle and activity, and the vessels will have full cargoes home. The importations this year have been very light, and many of the Upper Canada



merchants find it difficult to make a good selection from the empty shelves of the wholesale merchants. Money is plenty, and confidence greatly restored; they are now offering at the banks exchange on England for good paper at 3 months.

There are 15 vessels yet due, but many of them are in the timber trade, and will load below. The arrival of the *Lady Seaton*, with the "monster bell," caused almost as much interest as if Father Mathew or the Agitator Dan had made a descent among them. It was christened on Saturday last under the cognomen of St. Jean Baptiste, and is now regularly installed a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

The crops throughout Canada this year have been over an average. Many of the merchants are holding off expecting a reduction in price as soon as the navigation closes; there is a considerable quantity coming down, and the forwarders are very busy. By the end of next year this branch of business in Canada will undergo considerable change. The "New Cedar Channel" will admit of large vessels to pass down with safety, and when the ship canal is finished, they will be enabled to load at Quebec or Montreal, and proceed to any point on Lake Ontario or Lake Erie, and it is quite probable that vessels will be built at the head of Lake Erie, take in their cargo, and proceed direct to England.

The vessels best adapted to this business in Canada are schooner rigged, with Ericsson's propellers; they have already been tried and found to answer every purpose, but the small depth of the canal allowing them only to draw 4 feet, makes them unsafe for the lakes; when this is remedied, every city or town on the borders of the lakes will have its own forwarding merchants.

I leave to-day for Bytown, the place "fixed" by Jas. Johnstone, Esq., its member, for the seat of government, the particulars of which you will find in my next.

LEO.

It is reported that Messrs. McIver the active managers of the "Cunard Mail Contract," are about to memorialize the British Government with a view to obtain permission to run the Mail Steamers forward to New York instead of terminating the westward voyage at Boston. This movement is said to arise from the fact that so very large a proportion of the Passengers, letters, packages, &c., have necessarily to come on here, and that by the present mode they are detained in Boston, frequently from 24 to 48 hours, to the great detriment of commerce, and to the annoyance of numbers to whom such a delay is matter of great inconvenience and expense.

### The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The engagement of *Mr. Forrest*, which has now terminated, has fostered although it may not have increased the laurels of that artist. He never assumes a character which he does not ornament, and it is just to him to say that, with true artistic enthusiasm, he throws his whole soul into his professional duties. Hence his characters are truly of this world, although they may be sometimes lacking in that exquisite finish which is perceived but can hardly be analysed. Unlike the capabilities of some great actor, we incline to think that those of *Mr. Forrest* are finite and definite; we seem conscious that he can soar to a certain pitch, and we expect him to do so; in this he never fails nor disappoints us, but beyond it we neither look for him to attempt, nor does he go farther than our anticipations. Decidedly he is a star of no inferior magnitude, but he cannot emit rays of the most brilliant scintillations of light. The pieces selected by him for his benefit, on Thursday evening, evinced his consciousness of his own peculiar powers; they included characters which are the very best in his rôle, and which can never be witnessed through his acting without feelings of high satisfaction. They were *Richelieu*, in the play of that name, and *Spartacus* in two acts of "The Gladiator," in these he cannot suffer by any rivalry.

Last night *Miss Turnbull*, the favourite danseuse, took her benefit, at which she was assisted by several eminent professional sisters.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—At this house the ever attractive *Mazepa*, and the grand Spectacle of "Napoleon" are given nightly, and crowded audiences attest their continued satisfaction. They need no comment for they are well known.

**MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—As usual, full houses nightly. The "Macbeth" burlesque continues to be a favourite, and indeed it is greatly improved in dialogue, action, and perfect study since it was first brought out. *Mitchell's Macbeth* is delightful; he gives us the Vandenhoff and Macready peculiarities most happily. But the distinguished comic feature of this establishment is *Holland*, who carries comic drollery to the very verge of absurdity without being guilty of absolute caricature; and even his large and plain features are made happily subservient to his comic effect. Go and see him as *Mr. Dulcimer Pipes* in "The Double-bedded Room," and the visitor will be sure to obtain laugh enough for his money.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—We understand that the summer theatre of this establishment has been altered and arranged for the purpose of an Equestrian Circus during the winter. The ring will be upon the area hitherto devoted to the stage, and it is found that upon taking away the wings there is ample room enough for a ring of as large diameter as usual. It is said that this new Amphitheatre will be opened on the 25th inst., upon the usual terms of the house; and that the performances will be of first-rate quality. We have not yet heard who are the artists to perform.

**THE BEST WAY TO ASCERTAIN IF A DOG BE MAD.**—If a dog be mad he will not take water. To ascertain this, offer him some London milk, and if he lap it, you may be sure he is perfectly safe.

### Concerts.

**CONCERT OF MADAME LAZARE AND M. MIRO.**—With feelings of regret not unmixed with shame we have to record the second concert of these admirable artists; for, although "musical taste," and "encouragement of art" are terms bandied about with the utmost profusion, and the inexperienced would suppose New York to be the most musical city in the world, yet was the concert on Monday evening, to which we now allude, a mere blank except as regarded professors and a few connoisseurs. The performances of *Madame Lazare* were graceful and in the style of a well cultivated musician; but it is not of her we have chiefly to speak. *M. Miró* was the great feature of the Concert, and we are bound to say of his performances that they never have been surpassed—nay they never have been equalled—by those of any other Pianist in this country. We are not about to urge the superiority of his execution, as regards rapidity and complication, although these are qualities in which he is altogether equal to any one who has preceded him; but we would speak of the expression which he gives to the composition, of the masterly enunciation, propriety of emphasis, clear and well-timed delivery of passages, the magnificence of his trill under the most difficult circumstances, and the perfect use of both hands in his general execution. But above all we would allude to a quality which seems to be peculiar to himself; it is that of producing a body of tone from the instrument approaching to the singing quality, a tone in which the Pianoforte is thought to be radically deficient. This instrument is in fact of a Staccato effect, the strings being struck with hammers, and the sound dying as the vibrations diminish in force, even if not stopped more suddenly by the dampers. But by a style of touch we shall not attempt to explain, *M. Miró* produced such apparently prolonged sounds, and kept a subject so clearly distinct to the ear in the midst of the most complicated arpeggi and prolonged trills—the last being of most wonderful order—that he seemed to give a new character to the Piano. These artists depart immediately for Havana, their original destination when they arrived here, and we have no doubt that in the South they will meet with the encouragement which has here been so unfortunately withheld.

**FOURTH AND LAST CONCERT OF MADAME D'AMOREAU AND M. ARTOT.**—Agreeably to announcement at the crowded third Concert, this fourth of the series took place on Friday evening, the 3rd inst., at the Washington Hotel. But fashion could not afford its influence to one more than the originally implied stipulation, consequently, although the almost magical powers of these great artists still remained to them, yet upon the final occasion there was but a meagre house. Now why is this, and how shall we reconcile the fact with consistency to musical taste. The evening was fine, Friday is fashionable, there was no special attraction elsewhere, and the bill of the concert presented especial attraction there, yet all the enthusiasm in favor of the celebrated vocalist and splendid violinist had evaporated, and few were present, except the staunch adherents to music. This *Fashion* must be as capricious as she is powerful, and much we fear that her power sets at defiance all attempts to restrain her. Nothing remains then but to submit, yet it is exceedingly humiliating to science and taste.

**FIRST CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK, FOR SEASON OF 1843-4.**—We are sincerely glad to find that the exertions of this young society have been so far crowned with success, as to induce its continuance. We know of nothing which could have been better adapted for the promotion of musical science or pure taste in art than this admirable institution, which has our most cordial wishes for its increased prosperity, and our most confident hope for its success. The first Concert for the present season will take place on Saturday evening next, and we are happy to learn that the musical force is stronger than ever, and the Programme of unexceptionable excellence. The Concert will be given at the Apollo Saloon, which has recently been accommodated with a gallery competent to hold upwards of two hundred persons; nevertheless it is not intended by the Society to increase the number of tickets beyond the issue of last season.

**M. MAX BOHRER'S CONCERT.**—This highly celebrated violincellist will give one concert only, which will take place on Monday evening next. He will be assisted by Mrs. Sutton, Sig. Antognini, and M. Scharfenburg. Mr. Timm will preside at the Pianoforte.

### Literary Notices.

*Alison's History of Europe.*—Part XVI.—New York. Harpers.—This highly important reprint is now completed. It is of greatly increased value over the original publication, since it contains all the original text, many important subsequent alterations in notes by the author, and corrections by good authorities here. We consider this work to be an immense addition to contemporary history, and to be likewise a practical treatise on moral philosophy of no ordinary worth. The spirited publishers have added an index which must have been both a painful and expensive labour, but which was certainly necessary in order to make the publication a complete one. We do not consider it expedient to record our opinions upon doctrines which are open to controversy in this fine history. People will and ought to judge for themselves. Let it suffice that the writer have his opinions fully and faithfully delivered, and leave the issue in the bosoms of his readers.

*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, for November 1843.—The indefatigable publisher of this valuable periodical is always true to the day of issue, and always fills his pages with good matter. In the number before us is a clever article on "The Book trade of Germany," which will well repay the perusal.

*The Mysteries of Paris.*—Part V.—Winchester.—This is really a very spirited translation of a highly interesting work; we can well commend it to public notice.



*New York Journal of Medicine.*—No. III.—Edited by Dr. Samuel Forry.—This appears to be an ably conducted periodical, and cannot fail to be useful to the faculty at large. According to a prefatorial address it seems to have been begun under difficulties and doubts of its success, and to have made a progress in general favour and popularity almost surprising to those who undertook it. We consider the first article in this number, however, to be lengthened and more than it deserves. It is a report of the Remittent fever at Rondout, which was thought to be the Yellow fever.

*The Democratic Review*, for November.—New York. Langley's.—Again we have to assert this to be the best, the most racy, the most spirited, and the most classical periodical published in the United States, nor do we know another, published any where else, that would cast the Democratic Review into the shade. Of course, be it understood, we speak of its literary qualities, its politics we do not criticise. The present is a remarkably rich number, and will please readers of every calibre.

*Liebig's Letters on Chemistry.* Edited by John Gardner, M.D. New York: Winchester.—These valuable letters are thrown into a neat pamphlet form, making them a cheap purchase. They will be found highly interesting and instructive, both to scientific and to general readers.

### Varieties.

#### BATTLE BETWEEN A RAT AND A CRAB.

The following anecdote was related in 1812 to a respectable individual known to us, by a sailor who witnessed the circumstance. The sailor, in company with several persons, at Sunderland, a short time before, perceived a crab which had wandered to the distance of about fifty yards from the water side. An old rat, on the look out for food, sprang from his lurking place and seized the crab, who, in return, raised his forcep claws, and laid fast hold of the assailant's nose, who (when opportunity offered) hastily retired, squeaking a doleful chant, much surprised, no doubt, at the unexpected reception he had experienced. The crab, finding itself at liberty, retreated, as speedily as crab could do, towards its own element; but after a short space of time, it was arrested in its progress by Mr. Rat, who renewed the contest, and experienced a second rude embrace from his antagonist. The crab, as before, retreated, bemoaning such violent treatment. Frequent and severe were the attacks; on view of his enemy, the crab always prepared for action by raising its fore claws in a threatening attitude. After a bloodless contest of half an hour, the crab, though much exhausted, had nearly reached the sea, when the rat, almost despairing of conquest, made a last and daring effort to overcome his antagonist, and succeeded (to use the seaman's term) in capsizing his intended victim, a situation of which the rat immediately took advantage, seizing, like an able general, the vanquished prey, and dragging the creature by the hind legs (proceeding backwards) into his den. After a short interval, the crab made his escape, and appeared to the spectators, mutilated and deprived of most of the small legs; the rat soon followed in pursuit of the fugitive, and forced him back to his den, where, no doubt, he regaled his wife and family.

**FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.**—Bonnets have experienced little alteration in shape, except those that have been crushed by some one sitting accidentally down upon them. Shaded silks are still seen, the shading being thrown in by constant wear during the greater part of the summer, causing the material to be much darker in some parts than in others. Scarfs will be in request, and so will lace; but for those who cannot get the point lace, the boot-lace will be a cheap and useful substitute. Flounces, which have been for some time coming in, are now made to stick out more than ever.

We have seen a very graceful head-dress for gentlemen—which, for evening toilette, is general. It consists of a *coiffure* of white cotton, with a tassel at the top of it.

**QUID PRO QUO.**—The great use their power to master the little, and the little take advantage of the weaknesses of the great to master them in return.

**CHARITY SERMONS.**—"A specious appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorous-looking flock, "but an appearance of specie does more. Last year when I preached for the Penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a twelve-penny-tentary."

What is the height of imagination?—Having dined at a tavern to imagine you have paid the waiter, and for him to suppose so too.

**QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD BACON, AND SIR JOHN HAYWARD'S BOOK.**—Her majesty being mightily incensed with that book, which was dedicated to my lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV. thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's head boldness and faction, said, she had an opinion there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; where to I answered, "For treason surely I find none, but for felony very many." And when her majesty hastily asked me "wherein?" I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text. And another time, when the queen would not be persuaded it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author; and said, with great indignation, that she would have him racked to produce his author; I replied, "Nay, madam, he is a doctor, never rack his person but rack his style; let him have pen, ink and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collating the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no." But Hayward suffered a long imprisonment.

Sir John Hayward's Annals of Queen Elizabeth.

**IF A Correspondent of the Boston Post** tells the following anecdote. Pcliteness, like other good things, had better come late than not at all:—

While the rain poured in torrents, the umbrella of a gentleman struck the hat of another standing on the sidewalk, and knocked it into the gutter, where it filled with water. The person picked up his hat and said coolly—

"What do you ask for that?"

"I ask your pardon," replied the gent—which so well suited the owner of the wet beaver that no further parley was necessary.

**"The Artful Dodger."**—In this odd farce, which our readers remember was produced by DeBar, at the St. Charles theatre, last season, is the following description of "dodging," which we think isn't bad:—

"Now, sir, I'll prove how useful, philosophical, and beneficial my speculations are:—I order a suit of clothes of a tailor, which I never intend to pay for—be-

nefits tailor. As how?—He orders a piece of cloth of woolen draper. Cloth being ordered, he benefits woolen draper, on strength of which he orders new dresses for family—benefits dry goods store. The dry goods store, on new dresses being ordered, invites large party to dinner. Butcher, upon meat being ordered, treats a friend to a theatre—benefits theatre. Butcher comes out, asks a friend to drink—benefits hotel. Friend gets drunk, kicks up a row, is put in the watch-house, fined for getting drunk; fine goes to the Corporation—benefits Corporation. So, by ordering a suit of clothes, which I never intend to pay for, I benefit a whole community."

**A Wife's Revenge.**—"There's a bone for you to pick!" a sweet-tempered man was wont to say to his wife, after he had said to her something more than commonly crusty. She bore it meekly (as wives invariably do), but nursed within her heart a determination of eventual revenge. So, on her death-bed, just when she was on the point of expiring, she whispered in his ear, that one of the two children he so very fondly loved was not his own, and then added, "There's a bone for you to pick!" He besought her to say which of the two children was his; but she died in silence, with a smile of triumph on her lips.

**What's in a Name?**—The N. Y. "Tribune" tells a good story of a raw Irishman, in the employ of Fennimore Cooper, at Cooperstown, who was sent by him to the Post-office for letters. On receiving those for Mr. Cooper, he inquired if there were any letters for the "jintleman who was staying at the hall, Mr. Brickbat?" The Postmaster, after looking carefully through, said there were none, and asked Pat if he was certain that was the name? Pat protested vehemently that it certainly was, as he was charged particularly to recollect it. A friend of Mr. Cooper's passing the office at the moment, the postmaster inquired of him what gentlemen were visiting Mr. Cooper. He replied that he knew of no one except Captain Shubrick. "Och!" cried Pat, "that's the name; but faith, didn't I come near it, though?"

**Blucher.**—He was as brave as a lion, an adroit and ready tactician, and, as Bonaparte observed of the British soldiery, never knew when he was beaten. "His jests," says the Quarterly Review, "frequently of a description ill calculated for chaste ears, extorted grim smiles from lips black with the cartridge, and sent laughter through the column, while grape shot was tearing its ranks. When he checked his horse in the hottest cannonade to light his pipe at the linstock of the gunner, the piece was, probably, not the worse served. Towards the close of the campaign in France, the infirmities of age at one moment almost induced him to contemplate the abandonment of his command, and to retire into the Netherlands; but the spirit triumphed over the flesh, and, though unable to remain in the saddle for the last attack on Montmartre, he gave his orders with calmness and precision from a carriage. His appearance on this occasion must have taxed the gravity of his staff; for, to protect his eyes, then in a state of violent inflammation, the grisly veteran had replaced his cocked hat by a French lady's bonnet and veil!"

**A GRADUATE** of a distinguished University, with the best Academic, as well as personal qualifications of character, is desirous of devoting a few hours of the day or evening to the private tuition of the junior members of a family, in the Elementary Branches of Classic and English education. A line addressed T. H., at the Office of the Anglo American, will be promptly attended to. Nov. 11.

#### JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.

Do do 2, fine do

Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Caligraphic Pen, No. 2—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a gross, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—  
Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,  
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,  
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington. The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

#### UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—  
Patent, Magnum Bonum,  
Victoria, Damascus,  
Eagle, New York Fountain,  
Peruvian,  
on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeiters by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-ly.

#### Sanderson's Franklin House, CHESTNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

(July 15-3m.)

**VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE.** Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 94 Rosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the instrument may be obtained. Sept. 25-1f.

**PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES**, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREKS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

**REFERENCES.**—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Venble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Pougnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Brales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-1f.

#### WEBSTER AND NORTON, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,  
A. L. Norton.

Reference—G. Merie, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y.

Aug. 26-1f.

**A CARD.**—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum;" Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot;" "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street. Aug. 19-1f.

**J. M. TRIMBLE**, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m.



## PUNCH'S TOUR TO PARIS.

The diligence, at five o'clock in the afternoon, stopped at Abbeville to dinner, where Mr. Punch found the master of the Hôtel d'Angleterre dressed very differently to the innkeeper of Abbeville, whom he had formerly seen at Sadler's Wells Theatre. So very little time was allowed for the meal, that every course of it might be called a race-course. The guard of the diligence startled the company, just as they began their meal, by telling them, in a most absolute manner, that they must be off directly. The effect was electrical; but this was not the first time Mr. Punch had received a shock from a positive conductor,—thanks to the Polytechnic Institution and Adelaide Gallery. A migration of unsatisfied swallows took place to the diligence; and everybody having paid three francs and a half for the risk of choking themselves, continued their journey.

Mr. Punch continued to be received with the greatest enthusiasm at the various places on the road. The villagers everywhere offered him fruit and flowers, which he generally took; until he discovered that they expected a ten-fold remuneration for their presents, similar to others who make gifts to distinguished personages. Deputations of the juvenile population usually accompanied the diligence up every hill, when it went slow. Traces of the chivalric heraldry of *la vieille France* were observed in their surcoats, which were chiefly quartered. They appeared to demand largesse; which, being distributed in small quantities by the passengers, led to frequent conflicts between them, at the conclusion of which their arms were usually embattled upon a ground sable. These conflicts could be witnessed long after the diligence had passed the scene of action; for the road from Boulogne to Paris resembles the Long Walk at Windsor, as it would appear paved in the middle, with half its trees cut down, and pulled out to one hundred times its length. None of the meadows are inclosed; so that, to follow out the heraldic terms, property is not shown by a "field party per pale."

An agreeable variation to the monotony of the journey was afforded to Mr. Punch at Poix, by the conflagration of the Post House. The inhabitants immediately assembled; and, having first apparently endeavoured to frighten the fire away by great noise, and running about, as the savages treat eclipses, at last collected all the tea-cups and jugs they could command, to extinguish it; in which effort, when the building was burnt to the ground, and everything combustible entirely consumed, they ultimately succeeded. Mr. Punch inquired of a foreign gentleman who sat next to him why they did not use fire-engines? and was informed, with great effect, that the enthusiastic nature of *la grande nation* prevented them from throwing cold water upon anything. They had no opinion of hydropathy in acute inflammation; and their only fire-engine was the press, which was rather combustible than cooling.

The fortifications of Paris, erected outside the barriers for the purpose of giving the Parisians a series of military balls upon the occasion of any popular ebullition, excited Mr. Punch's admiration, who scarcely thought they would have allowed their love of excitement to carry them so far. It appears that their object is not yet precisely known; whether they are built for the purpose of keeping the enemy out of bounds, or the citizens within.

At last Mr. Punch arrived at the terminus of his journey, which he thinks was called *Ménageries Générales*—possibly from the variety of singular animals who collect there. A guard, who was in attendance, after examining the luggage of the passengers, as if he expected to find their carpet-bags filled with eggs, and their hat-boxes full of wine, allowed them to go wherever they chose; and this he did with an air of great politeness—which refinement was shared by everybody in the office, people even of the lowest class speaking French with great fluency and correctness of pronunciation.

Immediately upon quitting the bureau, Mr. Punch was arrested, and carried instantly to a building in the Rue Richelieu. He at first imagined that another unpleasantly awaited him; but was pleased to find that his captor was one of the arrestive force of Hôtel Procureurs, who lie in wait for travellers, and convey them by main force to their particular inns. Mr. Punch, fearful of again offending the government, submitted quietly to the outrage.

The government, by the way, does not appear settled. At the corner of a street Mr. Punch read an inscription, advising the populace to "RUE LOUIS PHILIPPE" as plainly as words could express it; and in a similar spirit, nearer his hotel, was another placard which directed them to "RUE THE 29TH OF JULY"—evidently put up in the same spirit. The unsettled disposition of the French has led M. Arago to invent a machine for their especial gratification, which will have the power of making three hundred revolutions in a minute. They have hitherto only accomplished two in fifty years.

Mr. Punch first visited the PALAIS ROYAL. The grand gallery is a cross of the lion-house at the Surrey Zoological Gardens with the Lowther Arcade, in which everything is sold, but more especially the purchasers. All English manufactures are highly prized; and our Birmingham jewellery is held in great estimation. The inferiority of French cutlery, especially razors, renders shaving an elaborate process, for which reason it is generally abandoned; and in common with the usual treatment of most things springing from a poor soil, they pay more attention to dressing their crops than cutting them. In fact, they consider all attraction to be capillary.

If the inhabitants of Torrington Square were to come to distress, and let their ground-floors as shops, turning the front parlours into piazzas—if they were then to throw open the inclosure, subscribe all their kitchen and nursery chairs to adorn it, and put the fountain from Windsor Castle in the middle, a fountain of steady habits not much addicted to play, they would have the Palais Royal done into English. As it is in everybody's way from every place to everywhere else, it may be termed a populous thoroughfare.

The most interesting part of the Palais Royal is the office of *La France Dramatique*, in the Galerie de Chartres, which may be defined as the "Asylum of Destitute English Dramatists." A slight knowledge of the language is necessary to become a member; and the candidate must prove that he is possessed of a dictionary, and at least two quires of scribbling outside. At this admirable institution characters and situations are found for those of our countrymen who are in want of them; and nothing is required of them, but studiously to suppress the names of their benefactors. The French playwrights are the only conspirators who contrive to keep their plots unknown to the police until they are fully developed.

The Louvre, which is near the Palais Royal, was the next spot visited by Mr. Punch. It was used as a receptacle for stolen goods, until the year of the Restoration, so called in consequence of everything having been sent back to the owners. From the great care taken of the objects by Napoleon, he may rightly have been estimated rather as a preserver than a spoiler of museums. But Mr. Punch always admired Napoleon, because he somewhat resembled himself. He thrashed everybody, whether they deserved it or not: he never hesitated at treating his wife with every callous cruelty short of throwing her out of window; he was a man of small stature, with a fine head: if he once determined a tin bell to be a fiddle, nobody dared to contradict him; and

though last, not least, he had an inimitable power of keeping the populace always amused.

Mr. Punch was much pleased with the SEINE, which appeared a merciful dispensation of Nature to supply Paris with pea-soup. Its traffic is not extensive, being for the most part confined to the barges of the washerwomen, whose craft is remarkable! and, compared to our own methods of washing linen, they beat them to pieces. All their work is, however, over-done—in fact, done to rags.

The PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, so called, Mr. Punch imagines, from having been celebrated from its earliest epoch for scenes of strife, ferocity, and bloodshed, was at the time of the Revolution appropriately situated. It was the valley of death, which separated the palace from the Elysian fields! Now it is very gay—all asphaltic and Dutch metal. At present, (2 p.m., October 9th, 1843), it is called the Place de la Concorde, as Mr. Punch has above stated. He is thus precise, because the name of the place has altered as much as the fashion of a sleeve; and he will not promise but that this day week it may be popularly known as the Place de la Guerre. In the centre of it is an Egyptian Obstacle, supposed to be Cleopatra's needle, covered with hieroglyphics, of which the thread is altogether lost.

## SOMETHING VERY EXTRAORDINARY!—A SURPLUS!

Consequent upon the astounding discovery having been made, last week, that there would be a surplus in the quarter's revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the greatest promptitude, gave orders that all the clerks in the Treasury should undergo a strict mathematical examination, in order to test their capabilities of managing the same, such a thing as "loose cash" not having been heard of in that neighbourhood for years past. That he might not be suspected of favouritism, the Right Honourable Gentleman appointed the two Moderators at the last Cambridge examination for honours, as examiners; and, by the kindness of those gentlemen, we are enabled to lay before our readers a copy of the questions set:—

1. Given the amount of surplus revenue in this quarter, find the increase of expenditure in next quarter!

(N.B. We suppose the Cambridge plan is to begin with easy questions.—Punch.)

2. Given all Sir Robert Peel's votes during the last session, to find the chances of his voting any given way upon any given question during the next session.

3. Find the square root of the difference between the positive and negative value of any speech of his on any subject.

(N.B. The answers to these two questions need not be carried beyond four decimal places; and any question about the propriety of continuing the income-tax is not considered as referred to in either.—Punch.)

4. Show the validity of demonstrations involving impossible quantities; for example, the proof of the value of the dividends due on Spanish Stock.

5. Supposing Alderman Gibbs to be an elastic ball, and the Parish Vestry a curve whose equation is "Full accounts—humbug," find the equation to the tangent at which the ball will fly off from the point of contact.

6. Investigate the rule for finding a limit to the number of possible roots to an equation, and apply it to find out the possible number of schemes for keeping up "the rint."

We have not yet heard the result of the examination; but we imagine the papers must have been posers, from the immense quantity of sandwiches, and all consumed by the examiners during the hours of examination. Punch.

## NEW VOLUME.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, OF ENLARGED DIMENSIONS,

DEVOTED TO ENTERTAINING LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, POLITICS, DEBATES, COMMERCE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, GENERAL CRITICISM, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

A New Volume of this Journal will be commenced on Saturday next, the 28th inst., and continued as usual every Saturday.

The Plan and conduct of this Journal having now been so long before the public, the Proprietors flatter themselves that they may venture to express their hope that THE ANGLO AMERICAN has sustained the pretensions which were originally asserted for it. This at least they can say, that they have faithfully endeavoured to make it the vehicle of solid and useful information, polite literature of the most approved grade, interesting in its subjects, amusing and agreeable in its selections, pure in its morals, moderate in its discussions, and consistent in its principles.

The liberal patronage of "troops of friends" has not only enabled it to frown down illiberal attacks from vindictive yet impotent malice, but has also enabled the Proprietors to make valuable arrangements both at home and abroad, for original contributions in every department of literature and information; through which means it is confidently trusted that THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be found the most interesting, the most abounding in useful matter, and the cheapest Weekly Publication issued upon this Continent.

The first Volume of this work is accompanied by a beautiful mezzotint engraving of King Louis PHILIPPE, which Portrait was presented to the subscribers who paid in advance for one year. The forthcoming Plate from this office consists of a magnificent full-length

## PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

executed in the highest style of art, and upon a splendid scale. In size it is 24 inches by 16 inches; it will be printed on super-imperial paper, and will be fully worthy of a place in the most distinguished apartment of any house; in short the Proprietors do not scruple to say that it will far surpass any other subject of American art on the same scale. This Portrait they design to present to Yearly Subscribers only, who shall have paid in advance. The Plate is just finished and will be ready for issue in a week or two.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN is published every Saturday at the office of the Proprietors, No. 6 Ann Street. Terms, Three Dollars per annum, to be paid invariably in advance, and no deviation will in any case be made from the Cash plan of Subscription. The Journal is printed on superior paper, with a beautiful type cast expressly for the work; it contains as large a quantity of matter as any other Newspaper in this country; the letter press is diligently and carefully read, to free it from typographical errors, and the press-work neatly and clearly executed.

\*.\* Agents dealt with on the usual terms. All orders, &c., to be addressed to E. L. GARVIN & Co., Publishers, No. 6 Ann Street, New York.